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PRICE ONE PENNY.



[UNDESIRE RESULTS.]

## POOR LOO.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," etc.

### CHAPTER XXII.

"LIZZIE IS WINNING."

"'Tis well to be merry and wise,  
'Tis best to be honest and true;  
'Tis best to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new."

It was the morning after the dinner party that Major Grant, unable to control his impatience, walked over to the Abbey, not so much to pay a formal call as to talk to Lady Elizabeth about her reputed niece.

He found her walking in the grounds evidently in deep thought, a sunshade in her hand, and the full round curves of her fine figure shown while they were half hidden by the morning dress of pale blue cambric in which she was attired.

No longer in her first youth there was still something regally grand in this splendid woman, and as the sunlight glinted on her red gold hair, Major Grant coming towards her felt his cheek flush and his pulse beat quicker than usual, while the wild idea flashed through his mind that a man wanting a wife and winning this woman would beyond doubt gain a prize.

She could scarcely be forty. Indeed looking at her one could not imagine her to be more than one or two and thirty, and though the major had certainly not come to the Abbey this morning with any sentimental ideas in his head concerning himself the feeling now came upon him that he certainly might try his luck in this quarter.

Perhaps it was the admiration expressed in his eyes that made Lady Elizabeth blush, certain it is that

her cheek did deepen in colour, and she coquetted with her sunshade to such an extent as to hide her face from him more than half the time they were walking and talking together.

"Miss Fitz-Howard Hull is not at all like her mother," he said at length, coming to the subject of his call.

"No, I don't think she is," was the calm reply, the face meanwhile being shaded.

"Nor like her father either," pursued the major.

"No," was the slowly uttered assent.

"Indeed if anyone had introduced her to me as your niece and the child of my friends but yourself I should have refused to believe them."

"And why, Major Grant?"

And Lady Elizabeth's blue eyes flashed upon him, there was no thought of hiding her face now.

"She is so unlike them, so dark, so—" then abruptly: "Could no mistake have been made? No exchange? To me this is incredible."

The lady slightly elevated her shoulders as she said:

"That is the child brought to me by the captain of the vessel in which my poor sister died. The nurse with her own child must be dead, for we have sought her everywhere for the last fifteen years."

"Ah!"

It was all that Major Grant said, but memory flashed back to that face seen in the old German cathedral a few months ago, and he determined to find the owner of it again, hunt up her history, and see if she did not bear some relationship to the woman he had once loved.

At this point of their conversation the subject of it approached them, while at her side, to the soldier's vexation, was walking his nephew, Lord Duncan.

Seen in the broad daylight, Miss Elizabeth certainly looked fairer and handsomer than at night, and Lord Duncan, who was tall, slight, and almost insipidly colourless, his hair being the hue of pale flax, his eyebrows and eyelashes nearly white, and his eyes a light, half-washed out blue, was all the

more ready to admire the strong contrast which the girl with her dark, creamy complexion, luminous eyes, ripe-red lips and voluptuous form made to himself.

Never in his life, he thought, had he seen anyone half so beautiful and fascinating as this heiress of the Fitz-Howards, and as he was himself heir to an earldom, even the question of inequality of rank and wealth could not be brought forward as an obstacle.

Indeed, the course was almost too clear and smooth, and Lord Duncan, who was somewhat romantic, wished that, like one of the knights of old, he could do battle for the lady of his love.

This not being practicable, however, he did the next best thing—came over as early as he could do so with propriety the next morning to see himself in her smiles.

No thought of a rival had he, as, indeed, how should he have, when "Lizzie," as he mentally called her, smiled and blushed, and looked so modest, and likewise so inviting, as a girl might look who for the first time had undisguised admiration offered her, till, as I have said, the only thing that struck the young man was that it was all so pleasantly smooth and easy.

The first shadow of uneasiness—it could scarcely be termed doubt—came upon him this morning, as, with the young lady whom he had met on the terrace a few minutes before, he approached his uncle and her aunt; for the faces of the elder people clouded simultaneously. The same idea occurred to both, and to both of them was equally distasteful.

Politeness required, however, that they should greet each other with a show of cordiality, and the conversation became general, turning upon the shooting, the resources of the neighbourhood for amusement, and the people who lived around.

"I want Cousin Emily to give a dance," Lord Duncan was saying; "not a regular ball, you know, but a small dinner-party first, and a lot more people

invited to come in later. I like those social kind of parties, don't you, Lady Elizabeth?"

"I don't know, it is so long since I have gone in for anything of the kind," was the reply, in a tone of sadness. "We have not had a dance at the Abbey since my sister Alice was married, and that is eighteen years ago, and I have not been to a ball for a dozen years at least."

"And I have never been to one," said Elizabeth, with a little more animation than she usually showed. "Oh, auntie, do give a ball at the Abbey, it would be delightful."

But Lady Elizabeth shook her head. "I don't think it at all probable," she replied, coldly. "I have no inclination for it, and you are too young."

At which the girl frowned and looked so aullen and discontented that the young Scotchman hastily said:

"You won't make the same objection if Mrs. Grant gives a dance, I hope, I shall lose all interest in it if you do."

"We shall see. I need to be very fond of dancing, and no doubt Elizabeth would enjoy anything of the kind, but it always makes it lonely for a girl when she has no sisters and brothers," added the lady, addressing the latter part of her conversation to the major.

"Yes, of course it does," he replied, but he looked at Elizabeth critically rather than kindly; he did not like her, and intuitively she knew it.

"You must find it very dull here," remarked Lord Duncan, as the others being in sight, the two younger people lingered behind.

"Yes, do, awfully dull, was the reply. "I never have any companions, except aunt and Mrs. Fish, who lives with us, and her son, who used to come and play with me in his holidays when I was a child. I never seem to have had any fun such as I read of children having; do you know, last night was the first time I was ever at a party in my life."

"Good heavens, I never heard of such a thing, you might have been wrecked on an island like Robinson Crusoe, or have been shut up in a nunnery for all you know of the world; never mind, you will be having a house of your own soon, and then I suppose you will make up for it."

"I don't know; I don't think we ever do what we make up our minds to in this world, it seems as though something always came in to alter it."

She was thinking of Arthur Fish, remembered how she had half persuaded herself and quite convinced him that she would one day be his wife, and now she came to the conclusion that the possibility, even the desire for such a result had passed away never more to return.

And as she walked by the side of this young man who could hasten if she married him the time when she should have wealth and power and position in her own hands, she came to the resolution in all cold blood and heartlessness that Arthur Fish should not stand in the way of her success.

Not that she came to this conclusion without a pang.

The memory of his caresses, the first she had ever received, came upon and made her shiver even on this warm autumn day, for never again would a kiss be so sweet, so heart thrilling as those which his lips had imprinted upon hers, and though she was prepared to sacrifice him without remorse or hesitation to her ambition and impatience, never again would the same fresh, strong love reign in her heart for any other man.

To a creature so beautiful, so selfish, so thoughtless and careless of everything but herself, it would have seemed more natural that she should have yielded to her inclinations and have married Arthur Fish at any or every cost; but Elizabeth's head was never carried away by her heart; she knew, by intuition rather than from proof, that there was some question or doubt about her birth, otherwise Lady Elizabeth would not have secluded her as she had done, and would not shrink with such evident distaste and reluctance from introducing her as her niece to any stranger, while added to this was the apparently heartless conduct of her father.

Only once could she remember to have seen him; he never kissed her but pushed her away with repulsion, and never in his life had he written her one loving line, or addressed a letter of any description to her.

All this she thinks and ponders over as she walks by Donald Duncan's side, while he, looking upon her half flushed cheek and lovely face, little thinks how he is being weighed in the balance, and how his wealth and title are heavily pressing down the scale in his favour.

He is no boy in his teens, however. He is five-and-twenty, and has had some knowledge and ex-

perience of the world, while she is but sixteen, though in truth she looks some three or four years older, but with so many advantages on his side she stands the best chance of winning.

It is a horrible thing to say, and in the majority of cases, thank Heaven, it is not so, but where a woman does not love a man in any degree to the same extent as he does her, the chances are that she will have things pretty much her own way.

Only when she loses her heart and her head follows suit, yields up the citadel, as it were, do the reins of power fall from her own hands, though where love is mutual and perfect calculation, stratagem and mastery are unnecessary and unknown, and two human beings dwell for a time at least in an earthly Eden.

But such bliss was not for Elizabeth Fitz-Howard Hill, and the poet who wrote—

"Love that of every woman's heart  
Must have the whole and not a part,  
That is to her in Nature's plan,  
More than ambition is to man,"

had not thought of such a calculating nature as she possessed.

And yet the germs of wild, mad passion were in her heart, and who can say how and when they will spring forth, particularly when the barriers of law and social restraint have hemmed her in on every side.

Meanwhile as she walked by his side Lord Duncan thought her the most lovely woman he had ever seen, endowed with every grace and virtue that should adorn his wife if he may win her, the mother of the future Earls of Gienogorie, and as he thus thought he dared to press his lips to her hand, wondering almost at his own presumption, and though she pulled it away and blushed, she was evidently not angry or offended, and he accepted this as a sign of victory.

But Major Grant, who saw the stolen kiss, ground his teeth and muttered something under his breath which happily perhaps was not quite intelligible.

He could not control his nephew, indeed unless he had very strong proof in his hands of the truth of his surmise and suspicions he knew that it would be worse than useless for him to utter even a word of advice or warning on the subject; no, there was nothing for him but to be patient and silent until he had something more to go upon than his own odd fancies.

Meanwhile, let him dislike Elizabeth as much as he would, she was winning.

Day after day passed on, finding Lord Duncan more and more infatuated; Mrs. Fish is restless, anxious and angry; Lady Elizabeth, though she sees less of the play than the rest, is still dissatisfied and with the uncomfortable feeling of anticipating some dreadful trouble, and thus the time goes on until the dinner party and dance which Mrs. Grant is about to give, is at hand.

She has been taken into Donald's confidence, and is bent upon helping him to win the heiress of the Earls of Drayton.

This will be something to have done for the family into which she has married!

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

"Love is a passion whose effects are various;  
It ever brings some change upon the soul,  
Some virtue or some vice till then unknown  
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant."

BROOKS.

"LIZZIE, have you quite forgotten Arthur?"

The questioner is Mrs. Fish, and it is the first time she has spoken to the presumed heiress of the Fitz-Howards in a manner which implied her knowledge of any tie or engagement between the young lady and her son.

"Forgotten him, no," and the girl, despite her natural impassibility, started and flushed, then tenderly laid the choice bouquet, which she had been admiring, on the table by her side, and pulling the hair pins out of her hair, let the bronze-tipped tresses fall about her like a shower.

"I should think you had quite ceased to care for him from the manner in which you spend your time with Lord Duncan, and accept his flowers. I don't believe you have written to Arthur for more than a week."

A hard look came over Elizabeth's face as she was thus taken to task as it were, a look which seemed to turn her ethereal features to stone, and at first she seemed disinclined to make any reply.

But she changed her mind at length, saying coldly:

"I am sure my father and aunt would both of them disapprove of my writing so often to him."

"Oh! then you mean to ask their consent?"

"No; I mean to wait," said the girl, languidly. Then, with a trifle of petulance that was far less irritating than her cold calmness, she said:

"I wish you wouldn't tease me when I am looking forward to my first real party. I never had a dance in my life except with Annie, my nurse, and the dancing-master and Miss Bentham, my governess. I want to enjoy this evening more than anything else in my life."

Mrs. Fish stayed to hear no more, but that very afternoon she telegraphed to London for her son.

Meanwhile Elizabeth, though she knew she was drifting into difficulties, sat over the fire, the day being somewhat chilly, and wondered how she would look that night, and if there would be any woman present more lovely than herself.

"Auntie would be," she mused, "if she were younger, and that horrid old Major Grant seems to be making quite an idiot of himself about her though he never has even a polite smile for me; and I wonder what my dress will be like?" she went on. "The idea of aunt not letting me even know what it is to be."

Thus she sat and thought, while the wind whistled and swayed and shook the trees, scattering the rose leaves and bringing the shrill promise of winter, for September was more than half spent, and the weird melancholy which the fall of the year always brings with it had stolen over the inmates of the mansion, and Lady Elizabeth felt it keenly, and wished that any excuse were possible to avoid going out and mixing with the world this stormy night when the ghosts of the past, the dead and those worse than dead, and whose memory remained, were about to haunt her.

Never since that day eleven years ago has she seen or heard of that man whom she had once loved so dearly and mourned for with such bitter humiliation, and whether he was alive or dead, prosperous or in poverty, she did not know, and had never dared to inquire.

Very weak her woman's heart had been on that day when they last met, and remembering it after she wondered she had not yielded.

She could never have brought him to her proud home, it is true, but she might have gone out into the world with him to suffer and endure, to soothe his sorrows, perhaps, add to his small modicum of happiness; but then with a shudder came the question to her mind:

"How was it possible?"

"Would not the tint of the convict ship cling to him; could the daily and nightly association of felons have left him fit for her to share her life with, even if he were innocent of the crime for which he suffered? No, one could not live among corruption without being tainted thereby, and though she sorrowed for him now, with a subdued grief, it is true she felt that it was well she was strong when they last met, and that thus they had parted.

Thinking thus sorrowfully of him who had once been her hero, the desire came upon her to see his face once more; not as he now was, but as he had been when in the first flush of girlhood she had so fondly promised to be his wife.

She had his portrait still, there in her cabinet with many of his letters, and she went to the drawer and unlocked it, taking out what she sought in its case, while the lace on her cuff caught something from the dark recess, and a few dried flowers came out with it.

Simple wild flowers they had once been; heath and blue bells, and forget-me-nots, and wood anemones; dried up, scentless and colourless now, but Elizabeth Fitz-Howard, when her hand touched them, remembered as though it had been yesterday, how those flowers were plucked, when they were given, the words of love that had been uttered on that day, the last she had known of happiness.

From the death of those flowers, now nearly twenty years ago, she could date the extinction of the light of hope or love from her heart, and the tears, so rare to her, welled up in her eyes now, and she put them back tenderly and opened the case to look upon the portrait of him who to her at least was dead.

A fine, noble, generous face, no wonder she had believed in it, and that looking on it now she felt that what he had told her was true, must be true, and that he was innocent.

The tears were in her eyes, she pressed her lips on the cold senseless glass which covered the ivory painting, and at that moment a servant, closely followed by Major Grant, entered.

"I—how do you do?" and the lady rose from her seat, the tears still in her eyes, and gave the soldier her hand while the servant retired.

"Perhaps I have disturbed you. I hope you are



well," blundered the major. "Of course I know you have plenty of flowers, but I thought you might perhaps wear those to-night," and he laid a small box upon the table.

"I—I am so sorry to see you so sad," he added, more like a boy than a man of forty. "Can I do anything to serve you?" and he took her hand, while his cheek flushed and his heart beat painfully.

"No, thank you. I have only been looking at my dead," she answered sadly, "or at one who is dead to me."

And she sank on a chair, the sudden break upon her thoughts and memories had shaken her.

The major was moved, as, indeed, how could he help being.

He had come this afternoon in the vague hope of finding courage and opportunity to say something that should place the state of his own heart beyond doubt, perhaps win some reciprocal sentiment from the lady, and he had found her weeping over the past as though the present and future were concentrated in it.

Above all things else, Archibald Grant was a generous man, kind-hearted and self-sacrificing to a fault, and his first thought was not of his own dashed or blighted hopes, but of the happiness and comfort of the woman he loved.

"What is it?" he asked, eagerly. "Tell me. Let me help you. There is nothing in the world I would not do for you, darling. I came to tell you about myself, but that is past, for the present at least; tell me, can I do anything on earth to serve you?"

"You are very good to me," said the lady, greatly moved, "but what has happened that you came to tell me about yourself?"

"I will tell you another time. Can I do anything to help you?"

At first she hesitated, then, looking frankly at him through the tears that still dimmed her eyelids, she said:

"Yes, you can help me. Will you find this man, let me know if he is alive or dead, and, if you can, whether he was innocent or guilty."

"I will!" then a second later he added: "You love him?"

"No," she said, slowly. "I did. But we are parted as completely as though the grave lay between us, yet I should like to know if he lives, and how the world fares with him; can you find this much for me, yet without using my name?"

"I will. But is your life quite given up to brooding upon the past. Can nothing else touch you?"

Lady Elizabeth raised her head, her eyes met his, and something she read there made her face burn as though it had suddenly come in contact with fire, then her eyelids drooped, and, in scarcely audible tones, she said: "Not yet."

"Not after all these years?" he persisted.

"A shudder came over her and she said again:

"No, not yet. Something tells me he is ill or dying."

"I will find him; meanwhile let us try to forget grief and sorrow. Miss Lizzie, I suppose, is looking forward to the party to-night?"

"Yes, it is only for her sake I am going. My spirits are not in tune for dancing or merriment, but the child has had so little amusement that I don't like to disappoint her."

"No; I suppose you are very fond of her?"

"She is a nice girl enough," is the evasive reply.

"So my nephew Duncan seems to think, and—you will not be offended with me?—I am sorry for it."

"Yes," she assented, absently.

"I have heard she has another lover, the son of your companion," pursued the major.

"She has no doubt many admirers," was the calm reply. "But I am not her confidant, and no man of honour, Major Grant, would think of proposing to such a child without consulting her guardians."

"Well, I don't know," said the gentleman, with hesitation. "But I shall see you to-night, and meanwhile, may I hope?"

Lady Elizabeth made no reply; but she suffered her hand to be lifted to his lips without resistance, and when he had left her and she was alone she felt as though she had taken some step in life from which retreat was impossible.

But she had little time for thought.

The dressmaker's assistant from London with the dresses to be worn by herself and niece that evening had arrived and she was called upon to criticize or admire them.

"I like them very well," she said, languidly;

"what is your opinion, Lizzie?"

"I think they are lovely."

"Then you are satisfied?"

"Yes."

And the dressmaker was taken off to the housekeeper's room to partake of some refreshment after her journey before superintending the dressing of the ladies.

A couple of hours afterwards Lady Elizabeth, attired in a dress of rich lustrous silk of *sau de Nil*, trimmed with real lace and tulle, with the flowers which Major Grant had brought her adorning the front of her dress and hair, while the few glittering diamonds she wore seemed to gleam like half hidden stars as she came into the lamp-light drawing-room.

"Really, you are looking as you used to before you shut up the Abbey as if it were a nunnery," said Mrs. Fish, with enthusiasm; "your dress suits you to perfection," and she rubbed her white hands noiselessly, as was her custom.

"But where is Miss Elizabeth?" asked her ladyship, a trifle impatiently. "Will you send and tell her I am waiting?"

At that moment, however, the young lady made her appearance.

Faultlessly dressed, the pale bluish tint of her costume imparting a delicate brilliancy to her complexion, and contrasting with her dark eyes and hair, but there was something more than the excitement of anticipated pleasure in her face; her luminous eyes gleamed and glowed, her usually pale cheek was flushed, and she bit her lip occasionally as though to calm and control the thoughts which agitated her.

For she had just received a letter from Arthur Fish, saying that he was coming to the Abbey that night, having resolved to tell Lady Elizabeth of their mutual love and ask for the hand of her niece.

"The blind idiot!" was the girl's ejaculation as she passionately tore the unwelcome letter into small shreds and threw the pieces on the fire; "perhaps he scarcely expects the reception he will get from me when he comes," and then she clenched her hands; till the nails dug themselves into the palms; truly she was not one who could be easily led or driven.

But she said not a word even to Mrs. Fish. "She can entertain her hopeful son with an account of my misdeeds and shortcomings," she thought, bitterly, as she followed Lady Elizabeth into the carriage that was to take them to The Elms.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### LIZZIE'S FIRST BALL.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
A moment white, then melts for ever."

BYRON.

"You have promised me the first waltz," whispered Lord Duncan, as he led Elizabeth down to dinner, for the ladies from the Abbey had been among those invited to the more substantial entertainment before the dance commenced.

The girl smiled.

There was a subdued and but barely repressed excitement about her to-night which made her pale cheek flush, and her eyes gleam, and while she looked radiantly beautiful there was also something that was scarcely natural in her expression.

It might have been the excitement consequent upon her first ball. Be that as it may, the effect was pleasant enough, and Donald Duncan as he looked on her felt that life would be dwarfed and incomplete unless he could win this girl to share it.

And yet he knew but little of her temper, character or disposition.

He knew that she was beautiful, possessed the usual accomplishments learnt by young ladies, was heiress to the name and wealth of the Fitz-Howards, and was so young that, if she possessed no striking virtues, she could not be conscious or capable of vice.

And thus he thought his name and honour was safe with her, and for all more personal feelings, the idea of calling her his own awoke ideas in his mind the very intensity of which seemed half to suffocate him, to clasp this girl in his arms, know that she was his own—his wife—appeared to his excited mind the summit of all earthly bliss and happiness.

And, meanwhile, the party had seated themselves at the dinner-table, and Major Grant, with something in his manner which implied right and possession, was talking to Lady Elizabeth, handing her to her seat, looking after her small comforts and behaving rather like an engaged lover or a young bridegroom than as a mere friend or acquaintance.

Occupied as she was with her own thoughts and plans and schemes, Elizabeth noticed his attentions, and also the manner in which they were received,

and the thought flashed across her mind that it was possible her aunt might marry, still possible that she might have a son to succeed her, and if so, who would her own position as heiress be?

At first the idea gave her a shock, seemed to shake her from the pedestal she had so long occupied, and to make her a nonentity in the group where she had once been a principal if not a central figure.

But second thoughts soothed this down, as second thoughts often do.

In point of fact it could make no difference in her actual position, her mother's fortune would be hers in spite of twenty aunts, and when she married, as marry she would, she would be content to take her rank and position from her husband rather than by inheritance, and though she disliked Major Grant, and believed he had no feeling of enmity towards her, still she read his character clearly enough to know that he would never consciously be unkind or unjust towards her.

For all this, Elizabeth's calculations were rather those of a woman of five-and-twenty years of age, or five-and-thirty than those of a girl of sixteen under other and more natural circumstances. And as she thus thought her eyes glanced and flashed, and that determined look of conquest gave a new expression to her face, for to-night she was determined she would decide her fate and show Arthur Fish and his mother how little she was to be frightened or coerced by either of them.

Unconscious that he was calculated upon to take a part in the drama the girl had mentally sketched out, yet quite ready from his own motives and desires to fill it, Lord Duncan paid Elizabeth unremitting attention, and when the ladies rose to leave the room managed to whisper in her ear that he should be in the conservatory which led from the drawing-room in a few minutes.

A girl whose heart had been deeply or even superficially touched might have taken advantage of this hint to be in the place indicated, but Elizabeth Fitz Howard Hill had no such sentimental notions: on the contrary she began to talk to Mrs. Leigh and a young lady who had come with her about some new stitch in embroidery, just then the fashion, and when his lordship joined them as he eventually did with a frown on his face and said, in a low tone:

"I waited for you more than a quarter of an hour," she opened her eyes prettily, lifting her eyebrows and asked:

"Did you not smoke your cigar?"

"Of course I did," was the reply.

"Yes; that was why you went to the conservatory, wasn't it? I know smoke is good for the flowers. The only odd thing is that you should tell me you were going."

"I told you because I hoped you would have gone too," replied the young man, sulkily.

"I! To be smoked! What an idea; when I have to dance too. Who are those two stout young women with red hair and freckles who have just come into the room?"

"Where? I don't see," still gloomily.

"There, in blue and silver. Ah, they see you, and you are a doomed man, Lord Duncan," and the girl laughed, a low mocking laugh, half smothered behind her fan as the two ladies in question, preceded by their chaperone, made their way to the spot where Lizzie and the Scottish nobleman were sitting.

"They are the Merediths. Excuse me," he said, hastily, and effecting not to see them he made his way to Major Grant's side, uttered some trivial observation to him, left the room, and seeking the hostess in the ball-room, helped her to arrange the last preliminaries.

"There, I think everything is complete, Donald," she said, with pardonable pride as she surveyed the long room brilliantly lighted, festooned and ornamented with gorgeous flowers, the brightly-shining, polished floor, with soft, velvet-covered divans at one end of the room, showing the entrance to card and refreshment rooms, while the conservatories and half-lighted flower gardens, coloured lanterns being hung among the trees, afforded opportunities for love passages and declarations such as are not often met with on similar occasions.

Elizabeth's coyness, prudery, or indifference had but helped to intensify Donald Duncan's eagerness to call her his own, and when the band struck up the first waltz, he clasped his arm round her slender waist, bent his head so that his lips brushed her perfumed hair, and asked:

"Shall we start, dear?"

The girl's heart gave a bound, but she ignored the term of affection, and replied:

"Yes, but I am afraid you will be disappointed. I never danced with a grown-up man before."

"And I wish you would never dance with any man but me," he returned, in the same low tone.

And then they started off, suiting each other admirably, making the waltz more like a poem in motion than the laboured hop and jerk it often degenerates into, and the strains of the "Blue Danube" seemed to intoxicate these two young people.

Others took a turn or two and paused to rest and breathe; but they, never tiring, finding it no exertion, kept up their round over the polished floor until the last note of the music died away, at which point they found themselves by the side of Lady Elizabeth and Major Grant, both of them with something like displeasure on their faces.

"I shall have to call you to order, Lord Duncan," said the Lady, with mild reproof. "It is Lizzie's first ball, and if she dances at this rate she will be tired before the evening is half over."

"Oh, I am not at all tired, auntie. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. Only I am rather hot."

"Shall we go and get some lemonade or an ice, or walk about a little," suggested the young man, and, as Lady Elizabeth made no objection, and Lizzie assented, they walked off, leaving the older couple looking after them anxiously.

"They seem to have taken a great liking to each other," observed the major, feeling that he must make some remark, scarcely knowing what to say.

"Yes; but I hope it will be nothing more serious than liking," assented the lady in a troubled tone, "for many reasons such a thing would be very undesirable."

"You think Donald would not suit her?" was the seemingly idle question.

"Worse than that. She would not suit him. No, such a thing is impossible; it can never be."

"Why, my dear? You speak very positively. They are both of them young, handsome, well-born, and rich, or if not rich they will be so one day."

"I tell you it cannot be," was the positive reply. "Do try to prevent anything that might lead to a declaration on his part."

"What can I do? the matter has, I fear, gone too far for interference unless you authorise me to say something to him."

"Oh, no, it is out of the question to tell a man he cannot have what he has not asked for. But let us follow them; don't let them be alone; ask her to dance with you; keep them apart if possible, and after this night I must guard her more closely."

So saying the two moved off in search of the truants, who had left the ball-room.

"This is delightfully cool," said Lord Duncan, leading the girl to the further end of a conservatory in which the lights were shaded off by the thick branches of orange trees, and the splash of a small fountain gave an idea of exquisite rest and shade to anyone overheated with the dance as Lizzie was.

"Yes, it is," she replied, with a sigh of relief. "The refreshment rooms are very crowded, of course, but if you will stay here I will bring you some lemonade or an ice, I won't be a minute," and before she could negative his suggestion he was gone.

Though not usually fond of her own society, perhaps because she had so much of it, Lizzie leaned back in the low chair and abandoned herself to the enjoyment of airy castle building, when suddenly a name reached her, and looking round she discovered that two people were passing up and down in the garden exactly outside the conservatory, through the open windows of which the sound of their voices came to her.

"Who was that girl dancing with Lord Duncan?" she heard a woman's voice ask, and having heard it once before in the drawing-room that night she guessed rightly enough that it belonged to one of the red-haired, freckled-skinned Miss Merediths.

"Oh, that is Miss Elizabeth Fitz-Howard Hill, the granddaughter of the last Earl of Drayton. She is splendidly handsome, isn't she? besides being one of the richest heiresses in the county."

"That Elizabeth Fitz-Howard Hill!" exclaimed the woman's voice in mingled astonishment and disdain. "Nonsense! there is a mistake somewhere; we knew Captain Hill in India, and that black girl his daughter! Preposterous!"

"You may call it what you like, but to my mind she is one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw," returned the man's voice, warmly.

"She is good-looking enough, but she is dark. I haven't lived in India five years not to recognise the taint of colour at once."

"For all that the lady is Miss Fitz-Howard Hill, presumptive heiress to Drayton Abbey," said the man's voice, sharply, and I think such an assertion as you have just made should not be repeated without proof."

What the retort was Lizzie never knew, for the voices died away, and Lord Duncan returned, himself carrying a lemonade glass and an ice.

"I've been a long while," he said, apologetically, "but so many people detained me. Your aunt and my uncle are on a hunting expedition, of which you are the object; they saw me talking to one of those hideous Meredith girls, and then thinking you were in other hands, they went off. When they were out of sight I made my way here. We don't want to be disturbed, do we?"

"No."

The smile was sweet, though the dim light only half revealed it.

Suffering as she was from the shock of what she had just heard, the overpowering, overmastering feeling in her heart was that in this man's love lay her protection and safety from any ills of fortune or accident that might befall her, and she thrust aside the dismay and terror that at one moment threatened to overwhelm her, her natural spathy enabling her to hide it, and now sat like any trembling love-stricken maiden waiting to be asked for what she was so ready to give.

The question was asked; the promise given, and when they were driving back that night, weary with the evening's fatigue and excitement, Lizzie said to her companion just before they reached the Abbey gates:

"Auntie, Lord Duncan has asked me to marry him."

"And you?" was the question.

"I have said that I will."

"And what of Arthur Fish?"

"Arthur; oh, he is nobody. I never meant to marry him."

"Then I am sorry for it. You can never marry Donald Duncan. Never!"

"But I will," was the defiant reply, "and whoever tries to prevent it will be sorry for it."

With which she sprang from the carriage and walked off to her own room without saying "good night" to anyone.

(To be Continued)

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### THE DRAMA.

#### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Saturday evening the "Little Theatre in the Haymarket" looked itself again. Before and behind the footlights all was bright, cheerful and smiling. "Brass" having proved to be by no means the stuff for "current coin" with the theatre-loving public, has been withdrawn from circulation, and our old favourite Mr. John S. Clarke made the walls echo to the laughter of the audience who had the good fortune to hear and see his drolleries in Paul Pry and Major Wellington de Boots. Mr. Clarke is one of the few genuine comic actors whose jubilant fun and drollery even in their extravagant phases impress you with the idea that they are natural even in caricature. His sense of the ludicrous and power of expression are only to be found in such comedians as Liston, Munden, and the lamented Compton. Whether at the Strand, the Globe, the Folly, the Olympic, or the Haymarket, each house and each several class of audience are equally pleased with him; and his Doctor Pangloss, Toodles, Beetles, Bob Acres, and Fat Boy, leave rivalry behind. On Saturday his return was welcomed with cordial greetings, and as the hero of Poole's comedy, with some who recollect Liston, John Reeves, Wright, Toole, and other popular favourites, Mr. Clarke's representation "mounted no feather" of his fame. After a succession of roars of irrepressible laughter, as the curtain was descending, Paul suddenly caused its fall to be suspended, and with droll eagerness rushed forward to possess himself of his indispensable umbrella, as he retired the drop came down. An unanimous recall was responded to, and with his recovered property Paul trotted across the stage amid genuine enthusiasm. Nor was the hero o Stirling Coyne's clever farce, "A Widow Hunt," staled by repetition. The renowned militia Major Wellington de Boots, whose empty brag and pusillanimous poltroonery are always getting him into unpleasant scrapes, while his dread of that "superior person" his wife, and his utter collapse when fairly confronted, make him most amusingly contemptible, was imitatively rendered. The minor characters of both plays were competently filled by Messrs. Howe, David Fisher, Jun., Crouch, Weatherby, Kyrie, Rivers, Madames Kate Phillips, E. Thorne, M. Rooke, and Maria Harris. "A Cup of Tea," pleasantly served, was the lever de rideau to Mr. Clarke's two pieces.

### FOLLY THEATRE.

THE reopening of the Folly Theatre is one of the signs that the "stupid season" is passing away, and the time for town amusements setting in. The summer birds are migrating from the seaside and from the pleasant fields and woods, already yellowing and browning with the first autumnal tints, and the days are getting too short and the evenings too chilly for rambles by the lone seashore, or rural strolls and moonlight philanderings by river or mountain. Now a snug seat in the stalls or balcony of a well-lighted, cheery, and well-fitted theatre is becoming indeed a pleasant position for an evening, and when to this is added a pretty entertainment, with pretty women, pretty singing, pretty music, pretty scenery, pretty dresses, and pretty dancing, the man (or woman) must be hard to please who cannot fully enjoy them. All these agréments are, we are happy to say, to be found at the Folly Theatre, where Mr. Henderson caters for the prevailing taste with a tact and liberality that must command success. That the manager has the patronage of a good portion of "the upper ten" may also be premised from the fact that the Prince of Wales occupied a box on the opening night.

Offenbach's opera of "The Creole," condensed from three acts into one by Messrs. Reece and Farrie, is—we do not care what Frenchified critics may say to the contrary—very much improved by the curtailment. The plots are retained and the heavy dough and sweet rejected, and the result is a rich though smaller pudding. It is odd, but no less true, that our French neighbours with their character of mercurial frivolity will sit out the longest pieces of dreary seventeen tableaux melodrama, the most tedious of stilted five-act "classical" tragedies, and the most absurd of five-hour spectacular and ballet "grand" operas, and even applaud a three-act opera-bouffe, with a dancing scene of apparently interminable saltatory leg-exercise, and then tell us they are the most spiritual of critics. But we cannot stand this, with all our imputed phlegm. Accordingly we had on Saturday "The Creole" reduced to endurable proportions. The plot is simple enough. Commodore Patratas (Mr. Howson), commanding "La Blague," is a grog-drinking, Hawser Truncheon sort of a sailor, with a daughter, Antoinette (Miss Violet Cameron), in love, to his infinite annoyance, with a certain M. Frontignac (Mr. Dudley Thomas). But he has farther plague in a rantipole nephew, René (Miss Bromley), and a p-p-petty impudic ward, Light Zoe, a Creole (Miss Kate Munroe). The Commodore has a "happy thought." His daughter Antoinette shall marry, and her husband shall be René, who happens to be at hand. René, however, means to have the Creole, so he gets Frontignac to play "double" for him, and they exchange names. The Commodore comes in and finds what he considers a lot of cross-purpose love-making. Indeed, as he expresses it, "there is love free all over the house." He then, as he considers match-making his own prerogative, commands Frontignac to marry his ward. Poor Zoe does not know that the lovers have exchanged names with each other, and there is a very pretty entanglement, which René rather enjoys, especially as he is invited, under his alias, of course, to elope to the West Indies with Zoe. Patratas, however, stops any little game of this kind. Enraged by his ward's refusal of the wrongly-named gentleman he seizes the whole quartette of lovers, carries them on board his frigate, and consigns them to the hold. But the names are again changed, and the certificate of marriage becomes correct. Zoe is married to René in his presence; but his anger is appeased by his unexpected promotion to be port-admiral, and "The Creole's" fortunes are ended, as Byron says all comedies are, by marriage.

The play, for it is a musical comedy, was capitally acted. Mr. Howson's broad humour as the Commodore deserves honourable mention. Miss Violet Cameron's Antoinette was enchanting. Her song "Whispered in Kisses," was irresistibly clever and taking. The quiet "get-up" of Miss Bromley as René was as tasteful and judicious as her acting, which a spectator characterised as "delightfully wicked." There was also a capitally made-up pirate, Sabord, played absurdly well by Mr. F. Mitchell, and Miss Josie Corri's Cabin Boy was a model lad for a training-ship, Gargotte (Mr. Bedford) and Babillard (Mr. Ashford) are the names of two gendarmes who play not unimportant parts in the piece. A sparkling little musical prelude, "The Sea Nymphs," preceded the opera.

THE Court will open on the 6th of October. Miss ADA CAVENDISH has accepted an engagement for America.





[THE OLD MAN'S LAST BLESSING.]

## THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

FIVE years have elapsed since the events recorded in our last chapter, and six since the fatal incident with which this story opened.

Sir Parke and Lady Morelle, after having used every means in their power for the recovery of their daughter, gave up the search in despair, and retired to Hyde Hall, where, year after year, they lived in a sort of hopeless watching for some one circumstance to arise that might guide them to a knowledge of her home.

Lord Montessor, after long and fruitless efforts to discover the retreat of his lost love, unable to endure life amid scenes so associated with vain hopes and memories of Estelle, had accepted service under the Crown and represented his sovereign at one of the highest continental courts.

Still young, eminently handsome, accomplished and graceful, endowed with great wealth, high rank and the distinguished favour of his sovereign, he moved, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," among the youthful, beautiful, and gifted of his own and other countries. But no second love displaced his lost Estelle, nor transient fancy for a single instant disputed her home in his heart.

Her memory was dearer to his soul than the most beautiful woman's presence; the faint hope of some day finding her was sweeter than the highest aspirations of his worldly ambition. Her idea filled his whole heart, from which it was never for an instant absent.

He loved her above all created beings, with a pure, passionate, undying love—with a longing, hoping, praying love. He understood and honoured the motives of her self-sacrifice. And be sure that if ever he shall find her he will hasten to lay at her feet an unchanged heart.

A year previous to the time at which we resume the thread of our story Lord Montessor, by the death of a distant relative, had succeeded to the title and estates of the Earldom of Eagletower; and six months after this new accession of dignity his lordship had been ordered by the government upon

a secret and most important diplomatic mission to the city of Washington.

To veil the political aspect of his voyage, as well as to form a pleasant party, Lord Eagletower (as we must now call him) had invited Sir Parke and Lady Morelle and Lord Dazzleright to accompany him to the United States.

The baronet and his lady, weary of Hyde Hall, needing a change, and vaguely hoping to hear of their daughter in the country in which she had been last seen, accepted the invitation.

Lord Dazzleright, who had never visited America, was glad to avail himself of the present opportunity of doing so in the company of his friends.

Thus it was in May, 18—, five years from the time when they had lost sight of Estelle, that the whole party sailed for the United States, where they arrived safely in June.

But where, meanwhile, was Estelle? The scenes that had known her "knew her no more." Save in the hearts of the few who loved her, her memory seemed to have perished from the face of the earth. Yet, in the far distant, great metropolis of the western world the poor, the sick, the imprisoned, the all-suffering, daily invoked blessings on the head of a dark-robed, lovely lady, whose beautiful, pale face was seldom unveiled, save by the side of the invalid, the destitute, or the sorrowful, and whom those who gratefully remembered her in their prayers called by the name of "Estel."

How or where this angel visitant lived not one among her protégés knew. But, day after day, and week after week, this child of wealth, luxury and refinement might have been seen in the squalid haunts of poverty, disease and ignorance, sitting beside the foetid bed, breathing the sickening air, waiting upon the often repulsive objects of illness.

And this not for one month, or two, but month after month, and year after year, for the whole lustrum during which her friends had lost sight of her. And not in vain, for with her into miserable dwellings came light, knowledge, and purity; and before her fell ignorance, prejudice, and disease.

And oh, how often her slender hand has been clasped in tearful gratitude, and prayers and blessings have greeted her coming and followed her departure?

And those who prayed for the lovely minister of mercy besought the compassionate Father of love to look down in pity upon her who pitied all other sufferers, and to lift from her pale brow that heavy cloud of strange sorrow that overshadowed it.

Such, for five years, had been the life, labours, and consolation of Estelle.

And our favourite, Barbara Brande, the handsome Amazon, the brave girl-captain, what of her and her boy-brothers, who must have almost reached the bourns of manhood?

Barbara was now twenty-seven years of age. Under favourable circumstances woman should continue to grow handsomer until her thirtieth year.

Whether the beautiful Amazon was under such auspices or not, it is certain that at twenty-seven she was a much finer-looking woman than she had been at twenty-two.

She had continued her sea-life, and had prospered therein. The little brigantine, the "Petrel," had been exchanged for the "Ocean Queen."

Her crew was quadrupled, and each hand had been selected with the greatest care and caution. Her brothers had nearly reached man's estate, and were now able to sustain her authority in cases of exigency. Her trade was greatly increased.

In a word, Barbara Brande had but one living regret.

This was caused by the conduct of her eldest and favourite brother, Willful. Now do not hasten to conclude that young Willful Brande contracted evil habits, for such a judgment would be the very antipodes of justice.

A nobler-hearted or more upright youth than Willful Brande never lived. He comprehended and appreciated his brave and beautiful sister, and thence he loved and honoured her above all things on earth.

He resembled his sister. In the tall, lithe, strong and graceful figure, in the well-turned neck and stately head, in the clean cut, noble features; in the jet black curling hair, and the full, commanding eyes, he seemed the very counterpart of Barbara.

Had they exchanged dresses the one might have been taken for the other. And as this grand style of beauty was rather masculine than feminine, it proved even more attractive in Willful than in Barbara.

Willful Brande had continued to be his sister's greatest pride and joy until he approached his sixteenth year.

Then the youth conceived the ambitious idea of entering the United States Navy, and gave his sister no peace until she had, through an influential friend of her family, procured for him a midshipman's warrant.

And Willful Brande now rejoiced in a naval

uniform, and looked forward to the time when he should wear the epaulets.  
And Barbara, with Edwy for mate, still commanded the "Ocean Queen."

Changes had also in this time passed over the charming sea-girt island and its inhabitants.

Etoile from a beautiful child had grown into a most beautiful maiden. Her form was of medium size and of exquisite symmetry.

Her golden ringlets were more sunny bright, her smooth forehead more snowy-white, her blooming cheeks and lips flushed with a deeper carnation, her blue eyes softened with a deeper tenderness. All her motions were perfect grace, all her tones perfect harmony.

Her mind was one of the finest order, and was well cultivated, because she had followed up her earlier course of instruction by diligently reading the numerous volumes carefully selected for her use by Julius Luxmore.

She was passionately fond of music and painting, to the study of which she had first been introduced by the accomplished Madame L'Orient, and which of late years she had, with the help of manuals, enthusiastically cultivated.

For the rest the beautiful girl was blessed with the sweetest temper and the gayest spirit. And thus, taken for all in all, she was the moral sunshine of the Island.

Julius Luxmore continued the honored friend and confidential agent of Monsieur Henri De L'lie. He sought to ingratiate himself into the confidence, esteem, and affection of the master, the heiress, and even the negroes of the Island.

He was handsome in person, plausible in sentiment, and pleasing in address. He seemed a miracle of ability, honour, and benevolence. The master distinguished him, the servants lauded him, and Etoile having few to love in the world, loved him; but it was with a younger sister's innocent, confiding affection.

And even if in some unguarded hour, when his mask of seeming was not fitted closely, Etoile with her fine feminine instinct faintly perceived that he was not in all respects perfect excellence, she quickly suppressed this idea, accusing herself of injustice and all uncharitableness.

She absolutely saw nothing wrong in Julius Luxmore; there appeared to be no reason for her occasional suspicions of his soundness of integrity, and therefore she repelled those suspicions as both unjust and ungenerous.

For with all her mental and moral wealth—with her strength of intellect and warmth of affection, this beautiful young recluse of the island, cut off from communication with the rest of the world, was the unsophisticated child of nature, entirely innocent of the knowledge of conventional life.

If she always moved, spoke, and acted with the most exquisite politeness, it was because her soul was as gracious as her person was graceful. And if sometimes she made quaint mistakes they were always the natural mistakes of a pure heart that thinketh no evil.

Mr. Luxmore had done all that man could do to recommend himself to her good opinion. He taxed his invention to increase her resources of interest and amusement.

In his frequent visits to cities of the mainland he collected the rarest and most attractive books, pictures, statuettes, vases, and ornamental, useful, or instructive objects of every description.

At the Island he had a greenhouse built and filled with the rarest exotics, that she might enjoy flowers all the year round. Adjoining the greenhouse he had caused an aviary to be erected, which he peopled with the finest song birds of our own and other countries.

These conservatories were connected by glass doors with the parlour and bed-chamber of Etoile, which now occupied the right-hand side of the hall on the first floor.

And thus the young heiress could at all seasons of the year enjoy the perfumes of flowers and the songs of birds.

The Island was, as I have already said, a mile in diameter and three miles in circumference.

Mr. Luxmore caused a road to be cleared around the whole circuit of the Isle above the beach, that Etoile might have a long three-mile racecourse.

And on his next visit to New York he purchased from a celebrated riding-school a lady's trained palfrey—a beautiful silvery white Arabian, which together with a rich saddle and bridle he shipped and conveyed to the Island for the use of Etoile.

Of all the presents that he had brought this the most delighted the young girl.

And she cordially expressed her thanks. It was Mr. Luxmore who first lifted her into the saddle,

and taught her to guide her horse—it was Mr. Luxmore who was her constant companion in riding.

I will sketch one day, that the reader may judge how the beautiful young Islander, without companions of her own age, passed her time.

At the rising of the sun the jubilant matin songs of the myriads of birds that swarmed the Isle awakened her. She arose, and knelt, and offered up her morning worship then came out of her chamber, when she was joined by Madeleine, who, with a bathing dress hung over her arm, attended her young lady down to the crystal creek, where for half an hour she bathed and swam about like a Nereid in the limpid stream.

Then resuming her ordinary dress, she returned to the house, where Julius Luxmore would be waiting with two horses to take her on her morning ride. After a gallop of three-quarters of an hour around the beach she would return with a fine appetite for breakfast.

After the morning meal was over she would retire to her own parlour, the front room on the right hand of the passage on the first floor, where she would occupy the long forenoon in reading, drawing, and practising music on the piano or guitar, until one o'clock, when she would go out for an hour's walk in the shady groves before returning to dinner.

After the mid-day meal she would take her needlework and go into her uncle's cool sitting-room, where she would sit and sew, while the Monsieur Henri reclined in his arm-chair, and Julius Luxmore read to them both from Milton, Shakespeare, Paley, or some other of the English poets or essayists, until the old man fell asleep.

They would then leave him to enjoy his nap, and go down to the beach, enter the sunnier, hoist a sail, and take a run of five or six miles up and down the Bay; after which they would return to an early tea.

When the evening repast was over Etoile would take her guitar and join her uncle and Julius Luxmore on the vine-shaded piazzas, where they would sit, and she would sing and play for them until the hour of retirement. At ten everybody on the Island was in bed.

Thus I have given you as a sample one day of Etoile's life. A sufficiently happy programme for a single day; but when day after day, week after week, and month after month, with little variety, passed in this manner, it is not surprising that it should become monotonous and wearisome, and that, notwithstanding all the means and appliances of happiness with which she was surrounded, the beautiful Etoile should sigh for the unknown world, whose her imagination painted in such brilliant hues.

And when Mr. Luxmore, after one of his visits to the mainland, would return bringing some rare exotic, some beautiful bird, some exquisite picture or sweet-toiled lute, she would receive them with a smile of joy and gratitude that would be quickly followed by a deep sigh of aspiration for that world beyond, whence all these beautiful things came. For if everything that came from that distant shore was so charming, how much more charming must be the shore itself, she reasoned.

And thus time and circumstances increased her knowledge to see the mainland.

But it was during the severe winter months, when the ice-bound shores of the Island sequestered its inhabitants from all the rest of the human race, and allowed neither going forth nor coming in, that the society of Julius Luxmore was considered the very greatest acquisition to the enjoyment of the family.

During the short days, when they could not venture from the house, Mr. Luxmore would play chess or backgammon with the old man all the morning, read to him and Etoile all the afternoon, and recount for their amusement his adventures by sea and land all the evening. Thus he rendered himself almost indispensable to the house.

It was in the fifth year of Julius Luxmore's residence upon the Island that an important event occurred, which shall be related in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XL.

THE circumstance alluded to at the close of the last chapter was the death of Monsieur Henri De L'lie.

It was early in the autumn of the fifth year of Julius Luxmore's residence on the Island that the old man departed to the better land. His decease, as is frequently the case with the extremely aged, was sudden and painless.

His death was as beautiful as his life had been beneficent. And this was the manner of his falling asleep. Upon the afternoon of the first of October,

he had, in company with his niece and his friend, partaken of a slight supper of coffee, cakes, and fruit. He lingered awhile in the piazza, listening to Etoile's guitar. At the close of her song, he smiled, laid his hand upon her bright curls, prayed Him bless her, and then calling his pet spaniel, he walked out to his favourite arbour seat of late Bourbon roses, to sit and watch the autumnal sun go down behind the distant shore of Northumbria land.

He remained out so much longer than usual that Madeleine went forth to seek him.

She found the old man sitting on the bench; leaning back against the frame of the rose-wreathed arbour, seemingly sleeping a sweet sleep. Not a feature of his fine old face was disturbed, not a tress of his silvery hair dishevelled. His head rested together on his lap; a blooming rose remained in his relaxed fingers. His favourite spaniel lay at his feet, quietly looking up into his calm face. His two white pigeons were near—the one perched upon his shoulder, cooing and pecking fondly at his cheek, the other flying in playful circles around his head.

Madeline spoke to him once—twice—thrice—and receiving no answer, took his hand. The lingering rose fell to his feet; the hand, the form, was icy cold.

The loving spirit that had warmed it for more than ninety years had left it for a higher sphere. Such had been his *Katharsis*.

Etoile wept vehemently over his death; but the tears of youth are like morning dew or April showers—quickly dried.

He was buried quietly beneath a great old elm-tree near the shore. By his own long previously expressed wish, no marble tomb oppressed his body's last sleeping-place.

Etoile would remember his grave, and the angel of the resurrection would know where to find him; that was enough, he had said.

By his will, which he had executed during a lucid interval at Bathville, where his monomania was unsuspected, and which was duly opened the day after the funeral, it was found that he had left the whole of his vast property to his grand-niece, Etoile L'Orient, and appointed his good friend, Mr. Julius Luxmore, the guardian of his heiress. Not a single allusion to king, kingdom, or princess, betrayed his partial insanity. A codicil to the same instrument emancipated his faithful servant Madeleine, and her son Frivole.

This codicil, strange as the circumstance may at first sight seem, pleased Mr. Luxmore. He had always dreaded the secret influence of Madeleine over her nursing, without well knowing how to obviate it. Now, however, the way was clear.

And he informed the quadron that herself and her son being manumitted by their late master's will, must forthwith quit the Island.

At first poor Madeleine was dismayed. The mild service of her master had been to her protection, safety and support. The shores of the Island had bounded her world. She knew no other.

To leave the Isle, to abandon her young nursing!—freedom under such conditions struck her as an overwhelming misfortune. She actually reversed Catiline's immortal speech, and exclaimed—"What's set free, but banished?"

She tearfully represented to Mr. Luxmore her strong attachment to her home and to her young charge on the one hand, and on the other, her own inexperience, her helplessness, and her dread of the world of strangers.

But Julius on his side described in glowing colours the "world beyond," dwelling with enthusiasm upon the great advantages it possessed for her own advancement, and above all, for that of her beloved son Frivole. He also fired the mind of the boy with a vehement desire to tread those unknown shores. And between the eloquence of her patron, and the importunity of her son, poor Madeleine became resigned, if not reconciled to depart.

Mr. Luxmore also voluntarily promised to take the mother and son to the city, and to procure for them suitable employment.

And Julius kept his word—being quite willing to put himself to thus much inconvenience, for the sake of separating the nurse from her charge, and ingratiating himself with Etoile.

For, though the young creature sadly lamented the loss of her "Maman," yet having been persuaded by Mr. Luxmore that it was all for Madeleine's good she was not only reconciled to her departure, but even grateful to him for taking her away.

"You are going to the beautiful world beyond, Maman," she said, "and some day I, too, shall follow you."

And unwilling to cloud the departure of her nurse with a single complaint, the girl had heroically abstained from expressing the keen regret she felt at losing her.

When the sail that wafted Madeleine away was lost



to view Etiole abandoned herself to weeping for a while, but on recovering she took herself to task, saying:

"How selfish I am to weep because Maman has gone to the beautiful world beyond! I ought to be glad, because I myself wanted to go there so much."

And she repelled grief as a sign of selfishness, and went and got her drawing materials, and occupied herself with painting from memory a portrait of "Maman."

Mr. Luxmore performed his promise, that is to say, he conveyed the mother and son to the city, procured for Madeleine the place of chambermaid, and for Frivole that of waiter in a third-class hotel, and abandoned them to their fate.

Now, whether this change of fortune was considered "favourable" by the servants of the late Monsieur Henri De L'Ile remains an open question.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Luxmore returned early in November, bringing many rare presents for Etiole, consisting of costly books and pictures, an elegant paint box, furnished with drawing materials, model plaster casts and marble statues, an exquisitely sweet-toned lute, and a collection of fine music.

It was in Etiole's boudoir that these attractive presents were displayed to her delighted eyes.

"Ah, how beautiful! how glorious! how heavenly! must be that world, whence all these charming things come," she exclaimed.

Mr. Luxmore smiled at the hallucination.

"Ah! when shall I, too, see that lovely world?"

"When you are married, Etiole."

"When I am married!" softly repeated this child of nature. "And shall I ever be married?"

"Certainly, fair one."

"And to whom shall I be married?" she inquired, looking up in innocent surprise.

"Do you not know, then?" asked Julius Luxmore, gazing wistfully into her eyes.

"No, indeed, Mr. Luxmore, no one ever told me," she answered artlessly, without dropping her pure, unconscious eyes.

"I thought you understood that you were to be my bride?"

"Your bride? No, indeed, I did not know that before, Mr. Luxmore. Did uncle wish it?"

"Certainly, my fair one. Besides, it is to your interest."

"I need no inducement to obey my dearest uncle, Mr. Luxmore. But when are we to be married, then?"

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Oh, yes," answered the innocent creature, with a deep sigh of aspiration.

"But why?" inquired Mr. Luxmore, curiously.

"Oh!" she replied, with another deep inspiration, "because I do so long to go to the beautiful world beyond."

"And you wish to get married that you may go thither?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," she said, clasping her hands fervently. "When shall we be married, Mr. Luxmore?"

"In some few months from this."

"So long. Oh, Mr. Luxmore, why can it not be now?"

"Because, my girl, you have not yet reached a marriageable age."

"And what age is that?"

"No matter, my dear, you have not reached it."

"But oh, Mr. Luxmore, how can you say that? I have read in history, again and again, of princes and princesses married in their cradles. There was the Princess Elizabeth of Hungary, and the Prince of Thuringia, and many others."

"But they were princes?"

"And am I not a princess?"

"Yes, my sweet, by virtue of your beauty, genius, and goodness, you are a princess, but in no other wise," replied Julius Luxmore, thinking that the time had now come for this explanation.

"How, in no other wise?"

Mr. Luxmore proceeded to explain to her that the Island kingdom, king, and prince had been merely a pleasant phantasy on the part of her late uncle.

Not for the world would Mr. Luxmore have risked the danger that might have grown out of his communicating to the young heiress the fact that Monsieur Henri De L'Ile was of unsound mind, and, consequently, legally incapacitated to execute the instrument which constituted himself, Julius Luxmore, the sole guardian of the young heiress and her large estate.

Etiole received the news with less surprise than might have been expected.

"I am satisfied now," she said, "upon a point that for a long time troubled me."

"And what was that?"

"I used to pick out our Island in the map of the

United States, and I found that it was an adjunct to the State of Maryland. Therefore, you see, I could not understand how it should be a little kingdom."

"And you are not much disappointed to find that it is not?"

"Oh, no, no; on the contrary, I am glad to understand clearly my real condition."

"And yet, fair one, in some sense our beautiful Island is really a kingdom, and we are its sovereigns."

Julius Luxmore henceforth always spoke in the first person plural, thus associating himself with Etiole and her estate—it was to accustom her to consider him as a joint proprietor.

"How then, Mr. Luxmore, since our Isle"—(the simple girl followed his lead in the use of the plural pronoun)—"is not a kingdom in all respects, can it be a kingdom in some senses? and how then are we in any sense sovereigns?"

"Thus, my sweet. Our Island is our undivided possession, cut off from all the rest of the world."

"The beautiful world," interrupted Etiole.

"Over this insulated possession we have far more power than a king has over his kingdom. We can let it, lease it, sell it, or bequeath it to whomsoever we will. A king cannot so dispose of his kingdom."

"No, certainly not."

"And then again, my fair one, we have more authority over our people than a sovereign has over his subjects. We can hire, sell, or bequeath any man, woman, or child among them to whomsoever we please. A sovereign cannot so dispose of his subjects."

"Assuredly not; but this superior power we possess over ours should only make us more mindful of our people's welfare and happiness. So my dear uncle taught me."

"He was right," said the wily Julius, "and that was the reason why I took Madeleine and Frivole to New York, where they will be so much better off."

"Oh, yes, you are so good," replied the innocent creature.

And then she fell into a deep reverie, and wondered why it was that she so often felt that Mr. Luxmore was not so good as he seemed.

And this fine insight she blamed as an injustice, its suppression she regarded as insincerity, its confession she seemed to consider almost a duty.

Yet the unwillingness to give pain restrained her communication; she resolved silently to combat what she considered an uncharitable feeling.

And thus her natural instincts, which might have saved her, were conquered as usual. After this little struggle with herself she spoke again.

"To return to our first subject, Mr. Luxmore, why may not I who am so nearly a princess, have the privilege of one, why may I not marry now, and go to the beautiful world beyond?"

"Is there in the civilised world another young girl so unsophisticated as this sweet maiden?" said Julius Luxmore to himself, as he met her pure clear blue eyes raised in innocent inquiry to his face. He answered:

"Because, my sweet, not being really a princess, not having a royal father to give you away, your marriage would not be legal."

The conversation here closed for a time.

Julius Luxmore had formed the determination to spend the winter in Paris. The beautiful Island was in summer a delightful residence; but in winter its ice-bound shore was to this roving Sybarite the walls of a prison, while distant Paris seemed to him a paradise of freedom and pleasure.

But in order to leave Etiole with safety to his own interests there were many previous arrangements to be made.

It was now, as I have said, early in November. He wished to sail for Paris about the first of December. The time was short, and it was necessary to bestir himself.

First of all, with a portion of the ready money left in his trust for the heiress, he purchased a small, wild farm, some twenty miles inland from the Northumberland shore.

Then he drafted from the Island slaves every young and middle-aged man, and several women, and sent them off to "Black Thorns Farm," his new purchase, where he placed them under the care of a competent overseer.

Thus there were left on the Island only aged men and women and children.

For the service of the young heiress he had selected an honest, affectionate old negro woman called Moll, a hunchbacked old man, misnamed Timon, and their granddaughter Peggy.

These were directed to take up their abode in the mansion house, to supply the place of Madeleine and Frivole and to protect and wait upon Etiole.

Not until all these arrangements had been completed did Julius Luxmore announce to Etiole his intention of leaving the Island to spend the winter in Paris.

The young creature looked dismayed.

"Oh, Mr. Luxmore, you will not go and leave me also. My dear uncle is dead; Madeleine and Frivole have gone, winter is at hand, when I cannot go out. You will not leave me alone on the Island all these dreary months."

"My sweet girl, I go at the call of duty. Besides you will not be alone. There is still a gang of young women and a force of old men on the Island, and in the house you have Timon, Moll, and their granddaughter Peggy."

"I know, and they are good creatures, and I will do all I can to make them happy; but, Mr. Luxmore, I cannot make companions of them," replied the maiden, with a certain mild majesty.

"But, my fair girl, you can seek companionship in your books, your music, and your drawing. You can employ these winter days in perfecting yourself in belles-lettres and arts, and let me see when I return what progress you have made; for, Etiole, with the earliest spring I will be here again."

Etiole smiled, but the smile was so sad that Julius Luxmore hastened to say:

"You would not detain me here against my duty, would you, my fair?"

"No, on no; it is selfish in me to repine. I will do so no longer. Go, Mr. Luxmore, to the lovely, distant world; but come back to me with the flowers and birds of spring," said Etiole, and with a brighter smile she offered her hand.

"With the earliest birds and flowers of spring I will be again beside my princess and claim the hand of my promised bride," exclaimed Julius Luxmore, gallantly lifting the tips of her fingers to his lips. Then, with a smile and bow he left her, and went to make his final preparations for departure.

From this day a man with telescope at hand was constantly stationed on the look out from the beach, to watch for and hail the first up-bay vessel.

For it was Julius Luxmore's intention to go to Baltimore, thence to New York, whence he expected to find the earliest opportunity of sailing for Havre.

He held himself prepared to leave at half an hour's warning.

It was at sunrise on a fine, clear morning, early in the month, that the man on the look out reported a sail bearing up the bay.

Mr. Luxmore ordered him to exchange his telescope for a speaking trumpet, and when she drew sufficiently near to hail her to take on a passenger.

The man obeyed, and the clipper came to anchor within half a mile of the Island, and sent her long-boat ashore.

Julius Luxmore, all ready to depart, sent his trunks and boxes on board the boat, and only waited for the appearance of Etiole to take leave of her before going.

He knew that he had not to wait long.

Etiole, fresh, blooming, and beautiful as a rose, came down from her morning toilet, and stood beside him on the piazza.

"You are going then, this morning, Mr. Luxmore?" she asked, trying to smile and speak cheerfully.

"Yes, my fairest and best beloved; I am going. It is duty that turns me from your side."

"And duty must always be obeyed, I know," she said.

Julius Luxmore looked at her for a moment. He seemed to realise with a strange thrill that the fascinating creature beside him was no longer a child.

He thought her, as she stood there, the most beautiful creature that his eyes had ever beheld. Her dress of deep black by the contrast of its shadow only threw out into stronger light the dazzling clearness of her snowy skin, the brilliant bloom of her cheeks and lips, and the sunny splendour of her golden ringlets.

He longed to clasp her to his heart and press a kiss upon her rosy lips. But he durst not as yet. He never had dared to embrace Etiole. For though in her unconscious innocence she had freely promised to become his wife; and though, as long as his endearments had been confined to words, she had received them very quietly, yet he had noticed that whenever he ventured to caress her she shrank as a sensitive plant shrinks at the slightest touch.

Therefore he abstained from a parting embrace lest he should alarm her delicacy and fatally repel her confidence.

And thus, alone, helpless, and in his power as she seemed, his gentle and submissive ward, and his promised bride as she was, her maiden modesty and

native dignity effectually protected her from all undue familiarity on the part of Mr. Julius Luxmore, until, as he promised himself, the law and the church should place her irrevocably in his power.

"The boat waits—I must tear myself away from you, my own Etoile," he said, taking her hand.

She gently withdrew it, but affectionately replied: "I will go down to the beach with you Mr. Luxmore. Surely you do not think I would part with you on the threshold of the house that I might walk with you down to the shore and watch you even to the ship."

"My darling girl, but it is so cold for my Etoile."

"No, I had prepared for the cold," replied the child, beckoning her sable maid, Peggy, and taking from her hands a large, fleecy, white shawl, in which she wrapped her head and shoulders.

They then went down to the shore, where the boat waited. The baggage was already stowed, and the sailors were impatient.

"Remember your promise to write every week, and send Timon to mail the letters at the Heathville post-office," said Mr. Luxmore.

"Oh, yes, you may be sure that I will never miss doing so. It will be my best comfort," replied Etoile.

"And if you should ever be ill enough to need a physician's services, which is not at all likely, send for old Dr. Crumpton."

"Yes, I will remember and obey you in all things, my dear guardian."

"And now, farewell, my beloved and beautiful Etoile," he said, lifting her fair hands to his lips—"farewell for the winter."

"Yes, farewell for the winter; but with the first birds and blossoms of spring you have promised to come back."

"To claim the white hand of my beautiful bride," replied Mr. Luxmore, pressing her slender fingers.

Then he relinquished them and jumped into the boat, which was immediately pushed off, and where he stood looking back and waving his hat as long as he could see the fair Etoile lingering on the shore.

(To be Continued.)

## SCIENCE.

### AN ILLUMINATING CANNON SHOT.

ONE of the most simple and ingenious contrivances, for the purpose of investing a fleet with a zone of light through which no enemy could pass without being observed, has been devised by M. Ferdinand Silas, of Vienna, whose experiments with lifebuoys at Portsmouth have been reported in the papers. M. Silas' inextinguishable lightning shell is similar to a common shell, can be made to fit any gun, and can, accordingly, be projected to any distance. The projectile consists of three parts, one within the other. Within the shell proper is a lining of wet sponge, and within this is a glass bottle, which fills the whole cavity; the bottom of the shell unscrewing to admit of its entrance. This bottle is filled with various charges of phosphide, none of which, however, is to be less than ten pounds. A small channel is bored through the sharp point of the shell in order to allow the air to mix freely with the wet sponge, and there are a couple of apertures in the head which are plugged with wooden stoppers covered with leather.

Through the movable bottom of the shell a steel striker is inserted, which is fitted with a spring, and communicates with the glass bottle within. When the light shell is fired, the spring striker is driven forward by the explosion like a gas check and so breaks the bottle; water contained in the jacket of sponge then penetrates through the broken glass and saturates the phosphide; phosphuretted hydrogen is immediately generated in large quantities, by the pressure of which the stoppers are forced out and two streams of illuminating matter are poured upon the sea. The light burns with great brilliancy for a considerable time, and is claimed to be inextinguishable.

**SAWDUST SOAP.**—A manufacturer in Tilsit, instead of adding infusorial earth or ground quartz to the soap mass and thus producing a sapollo, introduces a considerable quantity of very fine sawdust, previously ground and sifted. The wood fibre acts mechanically as a detergent, and besides cleaning rapidly and thoroughly, occasions a saving of one-third in the consumption of soap. The soap does not contain an excess of soda, and has no ill effect on

the hands. An analysis of a specimen eight days old yielded, grease, 44 per cent.; soda, 6 per cent.; wood glycerin, colouring matter, 10 per cent.; water, 40 per cent.

**JEWELLING** of watches was patented in England May 11, 1704, by N. Facio, of Geneva, who invented a machine for drilling jewels, but it is claimed that Ingenuus Huggerford of London had used jewels in one movement only as far back as 1660.

**OCTAHEDRAL CRYSTALS OF COPPER.**—M. Sidot has allowed sticks of phosphorus to lie for some months in a cold saturated solution of sulphate of copper, and has obtained a series of copper tubes, the outer surface of which was covered with fine octahedral crystals of the metal. In this reaction the water is decomposed, metallic copper and phosphide of copper are formed, whilst sulphuric and phosphoric acids remain in the liquid.

**IRON TRADE.**—The statistics of the iron trade for last year show that out of 4,970,000 tons of pig iron produced in the Cleveland district, 2,828,000 were retained for home consumption, and 2,041,000 tons were exported; and in 1874, 3,543,000 tons of the 5,991,408 produced were retained for home consumption, whilst only 2,587,000 tons were exported. In 1863 the quantity of pig iron made in the North of England was 838,400 tons; last year it reached 2,075,000.

## JUPITER AND SATURN.

THE old theory that the planets were very much like the earth we inhabit, having the same conditions of being, has been exploded by modern science in a number of cases. Notably in this so with respect to Jupiter and Saturn. Some eight or nine years ago an intelligent observer put forward the theory that we did not see those planets at all, they being heated and intensely luminous bodies, surrounded by an atmosphere at least a thousand miles in depth. Quite recently further observations have been made, and this theory has been fully confirmed. Two eminent astronomers, in two places, and without knowing of each other, have reported seeing two satellites of Jupiter through the outer atmosphere of the planet. This indicates very clearly that the atmosphere surrounding the planet must be some two thousand miles in depth, and that the planet itself is in a very heated state.

## A FATAL MISTAKE.

### CHAPTER XVI.

THE crowd left in the church surged around the pew in which lay the insensible girl, who looked like one already dead.

Mr. Carr stood looking down on her with a dazed expression in which despair, anger, and incredulity alternately predominated.

"Can it be true? Can it be true?" he kept muttering to himself, entirely oblivious of the sympathetic faces pressing around him, and deaf to the words addressed to him.

"Pray stand back and give air to our young friend," said a soft, clear voice. "Here is my vinaigrette, Mrs. Ronald, use it, and she will soon come round."

The old lady, who was weeping silent tears over the pallid face that lay on her arm, took the scented case of gold filigree work, and gratefully said:

"Thanks, Mrs. Washington, you are very good to show interest in my poor girl at such a time as this."

"Now is the time above all others to show what true friendship is worth, Mrs. Ronald. I cannot get around to you for the crowd, but if you will have Bettina taken out to the carriage, both I and my daughter will come to her, and remain till she revives."

The rector, ashamed of the part he had played at the instigation of Denham, and indignant at the falsehood that must have been told him by that unscrupulous person, here made his way through the press of people, and anxious to atone as far as possible for the part he had taken in so delicate an affair, said, in his loud, bell-like tones:

"Let the young lady be removed to the vestry, where only her own friends can be with her. Make way, please, that she may be taken out."

The sound of his voice aroused Mr. Carr from his stupor, and turning towards the speaker he disdainfully said:

"We need no suggestions from you, sir, as to what

is best to be done for the recovery of my daughter. You, calling yourself a minister of Christ, have done all that was possible to strike her down and destroy her, and we ask no suggestions from you as to what is necessary to save her from the blow you have dealt to her. Friends, help me to remove my blighted child to my carriage, and I will thank you."

Eager hands were held out, and a way was opened at once to permit the party to pass through the aisle to the altar.

Elevating his magnificent figure to its full height, the loud, clear tones of the pastor's voice were again heard:

"As He is my judge, I thought I was doing my duty when I called on a recreant wife to return to her husband. I believe now that I was wrong in my judgment of that unfortunate young lady, and I ask your pardon, Mr. Carr, for the part I have taken to-day."

The old gentleman turned on the threshold of the door, and casting back a look of mingled wrath and contempt, said:

"Ask pardon of Him you have offended by setting yourself up in judgment on a case you did not understand. I have none to give for the outrage you were willing to inflict upon a friend and neighbour. I shake the dust from my feet on the threshold of this desecrated sanctuary, and never again will I enter it till it is purged from the presence of one unfit to fill the place of priest at His altar!"

Self-poised as he was, and confident as he usually felt that he must always be in the right, the reverend gentleman shrank before the accusing words, and was glad to retreat from the observation of the crowd, whose sympathies, he clearly saw, were not with himself.

The motion, and the rush of cool air when she was taken to the carriage, partially aroused Bettina, and she lifted her head and looked around to see a crowd of faces anxiously watching for the first symptoms of consciousness.

"Where am I? What has happened to me?" she feebly asked. Then, with a flash, came the recollection of the scene in the church, and with a cry she cast herself into the arms of her father, and sobbed:

"Oh, papa! papa! can you ever forgive me for the disgrace I have brought on you this day?"

In his anger Mr. Carr meant to have put her from him at first, and only accord her forgiveness after long penance on her part; but there was such abandonment of sorrow—such deep humiliation in her appeal, that all the father in his heart was stirred, and his arms tightened around her. Large tears fell from his eyes as he whispered:

"Ninety and nine times shall the sinner that repenteth be forgiven, and shall I dare to refuse the prayer of the one child He has left to me out of so many? Oh, my daughter, I never knew how much you are to me until within the last hour. Heaven pity us! Heaven help us! But I am thankful that we are still together."

"With great effort Bettina lifted her weak arms, and wound them around his neck, sobbing on his breast:

"If I had only known that you would be pitiful—that you would not cast me off in your wrath when I told you all, I would never have deceived you. No—never—never."

"It is true, then, that the renegade is your husband, and—Bella his child and yours?"

"It is true."

And softened as he was toward his daughter, Mr. Carr felt as if his heart was stabbed through and through by this acknowledgment. For an instant his arms relaxed their grasp, but a frightened look cast up to his face by Bettina's appealing eyes brought back the tender gush of feeling with which he had mourned over her blighted life, and he held her to him more closely than ever.

Mrs. Ronald was weeping violently, but she suddenly checked her tears, and hurriedly said:

"Betty, here are friends to speak to you. Lift up your head, darling, for one moment, that they may see that you are better."

"Speak to them, papa, I cannot," she breathed, "and, please, please get me home as soon as possible."

Mrs. Washington, fully conscious of the value of her interest in the eyes of the outside world in that bitter crisis in her young favourite's destiny, moved to the broad carriage step, and taking the cold hand of the poor sufferer in her own, gently said:

"Don't take this too deeply to heart, Betty. Your friends all feel that you must have been deeply sinned against, and they will refuse to judge you harshly. I will come over to Carmora this week, and bring my daughter with me. She is here now, dear, and full of sympathy for you."

Bettina made an effort to lift her head, and, unclose her eyes, and the sympathy expressed in the



two fair faces before her was as balm to her wounded heart.

That gracious lady could not condemn her, or she would never have brought her young daughter to her side after such a scandal as had occurred.

She impulsively pressed to her heart the hand that held her own, and with emotion, said:

"You are one of the noble ones of the earth, or you would not have come to me at such a woful time as this. I have done wrong to deceive my father, Mrs. Washington, but when all is known I cannot believe that those who have known me well will judge me harshly. Come when you will, you and your daughter will always be welcome at Carmora."

Mr. Carr uttered a few expressive words, and by that time the carriage was ready to set out, the driver was on his seat, and the two outriders, Pompey and Caesar, came galloping up after witnessing, with wide eyes, the ignominious expulsion of Denham.

Mrs. Washington stepped down to give place to Mrs. Withers, who had at last made her way to the side of her friends, frightened and dismayed at what she might have to endure from Mr. Carr for uniting with his daughter to deceive him.

Her paw was on the opposite side of the church from his, and she was not sorry that the surging of the crowd had hitherto prevented her from joining the party.

She looked up now timidly, and asked:

"May I come with you, Cousin Robert? I left the children under old Molly's care, and I will send the gig back by the boy, and go with you to Carmora, if you will permit me."

"Get in by all means, madams," replied the old gentleman, stiffly. "There are explanations to make in which you are to bear a conspicuous part, I believe, as well as that aunt of yours, who can do nothing but snivel, after letting things go on to this pass."

The young widow stepped in and took her place beside her aunt, reserving her defence till they were free from the people around them.

As the carriage was driven off, hats were raised respectfully, and the faces of the feminine portion of the crowd bore witness to the sympathy they felt for the stricken girl it contained.

Clayton, leading Mr. Carr's horse, rode up to the carriage when it was fairly on the road, and calling to Pompey to relieve him of his charge, spoke to Mr. Carr through the open window.

"The general has dealt with Denham, and he is gone. I think that you will not again be troubled by him. He has his order to leave the country in forty-eight hours, and there are circumstances which render it best for himself to obey them."

Mr. Carr bent his head, but made no reply, and the little cortege rode on in silence till they gained sufficient calmness to speak, without too great emotion, of the occurrence of the morning, and explain all that had preceded and led to it.

Bettina summoned all her courage, weak and wretched as she felt, and told him the story of her strange marriage to Denham as she had told it to Mrs. Ronald only a few nights before.

The poor old man listened with a swelling heart, and a feeling of bitter self-condemnation mingled with his rage against Denham. He brokenly said:

"It was all my fault. I should never have exposed you to intimate association with a man I knew so little of. He was handsome and fascinating, and I accepted him for what he seemed. I permitted him to think that he might eventually be accepted as my son, and he audaciously supposed that, once your husband, he would be received by me, and his future be made sure by my wealth. That was all he cared for, Betty."

"Yes, I believe that now, papa, but then I loved and trusted him. I feared to tell you my story, for your own sake as well as my own. Oh, I have suffered. I have been very, very miserable. I would still have kept it from you, but it may be best that I was not permitted to do so. Dearest father, only love me as before, and I shall be consoled even for what has happened to-day."

He took her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly, but the softness died out of his face as his eyes fell on the two who sat opposite to him, wondering if they were to share in the forgiveness so fully accorded to his daughter.

"I take you back to my heart with all its old fondness, because you are my own—my one darling, whose welfare is the chief interest of my life. You are young; you had little experience to guide you, but what can be said in defence of those two women who aided and abetted you in deceiving me to the extent you have done? They both knew it to be wrong, and one of them has eaten of my bread, the other accepted favours at my hand, which should

have taught them that they owed something more to me than this."

Mrs. Ronald and her niece would both have spoken in their own defence, but Bettina hastily said:

"They shall not be put on the defensive on my account, when I am alone to blame. My strong will carried everything before it; they could do nothing but yield to it. Dear papa, if you could know how I have been lectured and preached at by both of them, and entreated to let you know how shamefully I was treated by the vampire who preyed on me, and forced poor Nanty to use nearly her whole little patrimony to bribe him to silence, you would say that never could a poor forlorn creature have had better friends than they have been to me. Yet they acted against their own judgment; it was only love for me that made them untrue to you; blame me, if blame is to fall on anyone."

His brow cleared, and he presently said:

"You twist me around your finger as you choose, and I suppose it is hardly fair to blame Nancy and Kitty for yielding to the same influence. I will not think hardly of them for helping you in your strait, though I certainly think they ought to have come to me at once and laid the whole story before me."

"I would not let them do it, papa; I was a coward; but I have courage to stand up in defence of the true friends who stood by me, though they disapproved of my course. Give your hand to them, dearest father, in token of perfect forgiveness on your part."

Thus adjured, the old gentleman put out his hand and pressed those of the two ladies so heartily that both felt that both forgiveness and thanks for their devotion to his daughter were accorded them.

Therefore the two waxed eloquent, and betrayed that they had not only insisted that the truth should be told to him but that Bettina should make the best of the situation, and return to her duty to the man she had taken for better for worse.

When he understood this he burst out wrathfully:

"I could never have believed that you were such a pair of born idiots as to give such advice as that. Did you wish me to lose my child for ever? You must have known that I would never accept Gerald Denham as a member of my family; that he is utterly unfit to associate with gentlemen, or to make a wife happy. I did give you credit for more sense than that, Nancy Ronald, for you have lived long enough in the world to know something about men. As to Kitty, I suppose she thought more of the child she is so fond of than of the welfare of its mother."

Mrs. Ronald had recovered calmness by this time, and she quietly replied:

"I have known very little of bad men, Cousin Robert, and you must remember that you allowed Captain Denham to hope that he might win your daughter for his wife. When the news came which made you so hard on him, I still thought that he had probably been led into evil by others. In a new country, with a pleasant home, and the society of the woman he loved, I thought he could be saved, and become a good and true man. Yes, I advocated his cause, and if there had been any foundation of good in his nature to build on, I might still do so. Betty's position is a very difficult and painful one."

"I was not hard on him without good cause, and now you must know that there is no good in him. As to my daughter's position, I will soon change all that. I will get a decree of divorce, and give her a chance to make a better choice. I am not going to have her life blighted by such a wretch as that man who has deservedly been sent adrift."

A faint streak of colour came into Bettina's pale face, and she faintly said:

"I am glad to be free from Gerald, but I shall never give my hand to another while he lives."

"Umph! we will see about that when the right time comes," muttered her father.

Then closing his lips firmly, not another word was spoken till the carriage drew up in front of the house at Carmora.

Clayton, who had ridden on in front of the carriage, was ready to assist the ladies to alight, and the gentle pressure of his hand as he held that of Bettina, the expression of tender sympathy in his eyes, was as balm to her lacerated pride and womanly feeling.

"Can you forgive me, Betty, for the failure I made after all?" he asked, in a low tone. "I could never have believed any man capable of violating his plighted word, and acting as Denham did this morning. Take this comfort to your heart, however, he has been effectually settled with, and will trouble you no more."

An expression of alarm came into her face.

"You went in pursuit of him; did—did anything result from that meeting? Anything dreadful, I mean? Oh, Randolph, that would fill the measure of my woe."

"Would I have been permitted to follow you here if anything fatal had happened?" he asked, with an attempt to smile away her fears. "I placed Denham's case in hands more competent to deal with it than mine. Luckily I had in my pocket the papers that condemn him as a double spy, and I gave them to General Washington as I passed him on my way to find and stop the refugee from evading the punishment he so richly merited."

"And that punishment?" she asked, with pale lips.

"Is loss of his commission in the army, and immediate banishment from the country. He will go because he risks arrest if he disobeys the orders given him by General Washington himself. You are free from interference from Denham, Bettina, I hope for life."

"That is much to be thankful for, but are you sure no violence was offered him? If blood were shed on my account, I should feel as if stained with it for life—ah! more than that, for all eternity."

"Set your mind at rest on that score. He was made to feel the ignominy he has incurred, but he was permitted to escape scathless for the sake of the family he has so grossly outraged."

Bettina bowed her head in thankfulness, and entered the house, feeling utterly worn out and nerveless from the excitement through which she had passed.

But before she could rest she must know what her father's intentions were with regard to her child.

From his silence with reference to Bella, she feared that he might recoil from receiving her into his house, for a time at least, till he could better reconcile himself to the fact that such a being was in existence to claim her as its mother.

Bettina felt no uneasiness for the safety of the child, for it did not once occur to her that Denham would attempt, through mere vindictiveness toward herself, to burden himself with so troublesome a charge.

Mrs. Ronald insisted that she should retire at once to her own room and lie down, but Bettina steadily declined doing this till she had spoken in private with her father.

She asked for a glass of wine, which was brought to her, and after drinking it she passed her arm caressingly through that of Mr. Carr and said:

"Let us go into the library a few moments, dear papa; I have something that is vital to myself to ask of you."

Mr. Carr changed colour and frowned, but he went with her, and placed her in a large, comfortable chair before he would permit her to speak.

He then bluntly said before she had time to unclose her lips on the subject that was so important to her:

"I know what it is, Betty. You are going to petition to have the little girl brought here, but I cannot have her. The sight of Gerald Denham's child would make me go wild, I think, just now. She looks like him, too, and I wonder I had not seen the resemblance before. She is doing well enough where she is, and she had better stay with Kitty. I couldn't bear her presence—indeed I could not."

Bettina burst into tears.

"Oh! papa! she is my own, my very own, and I love her so much; surely you must see that it is my duty to take care of and cherish my own little one, let her father be what he may. Oh, dear! my heart will break if I am denied the sight and care of my poor, helpless, deserted baby."

Mr. Carr walked the floor many times before he attempted any reply. He then paused abruptly, and hoarsely said:

"It is much that I have forgiven you, Betty, and taken you back to my heart; but there is a limit to forbearance. You have been the pride and hope of my life—you have struck a terrible blow at me, and compromised yourself in the world's eyes by making a clandestine marriage, and concealing it from the father who was entitled to your confidence. Hush! don't speak. I know all that palliates the course you took, but still it was one that my great affection for you enables me to pardon. My one wish now is to free you from that base man and relegate you to before the world in the proud position you once held; but how is that to be done if the reminder of your folly is brought forward, presented to everyone as your daughter, and made much of in the house to which your very existence is a disgrace?"

"Oh, papa! papa! how can you speak of my child in such terms? Why shall she not be as great a source of pride and joy to me as you say I have been to you?"

"Why? Great Heaven, are they parallel cases? Can you not discriminate, Betty? The father of this one is a wretch so base that no honest man can find a word to say in his favour. She may grow up to be like him—to rend your heart more fatally than you have rent mine—but that is beside the question. What I wish to deal with is, the effect her presence beneath my roof will have on your future. I have been generous to you, and I expect a fair return for it. I shall free you from that man, and in spite of all that is past and gone, you will have opportunities of making a brilliant alliance. Such chances shall not be marred by your wish to keep near you the living witness of the disgraceful escapade of your early life. That must be buried in oblivion, and it can only be done by permitting Kitty to rear the child which has so long been considered as her own."

"Then I may not acknowledge her?" exclaimed Bettina, despairingly. "I have wronged you, papa, but I did not believe you could be so cruel to me as this."

"I am not cruel; I am kind to save you from the evil to come; if that child claimed you for her mother I could not bear it, Betty. I should drive her from my presence with harsh words, and she would become the cause of alienation and discord between us. Let w-ll enough alone."

Further remonstrance at that time Bettina felt to be useless; her father's bitterness against the man who had brought so much sorrow and humiliation into his house could not be reasoned with or set aside. Time might soften his resentment, and incline his really tender heart toward the helpless little one who stood in so near a relation to him; but for some time to come she had better be kept as far away from him as possible. Such was Bettina's unwilling decision, and with a deep sigh, she said:

"It is a bitter experience to me, papa, to find that you can close your heart against my child, because you dislike her father. She is guiltless of wrong herself, and should not be held accountable for the sins of another."

"The Bible expressly says the contrary," said the old man, grimly. "But I am not going to punish the baby for her father's misdoings. The best care shall be taken of her, and she shall have enough to live on in the future. I think that is as much as you can, or ought to ask of me, Bettina."

"Perhaps it is; but it is so much less than I hoped for that it seems hard to me, father. I will try to reconcile myself to your will; but I shall be a happier and a better woman if I could have my precious darling always with me. You seem to have set your heart on seeing me suitably married, papa; but I must, in justice to myself, repeat that, while Gerald lives, I will give my hand to no other."

Mr. Carr regarded her in silence some time, and then passionately said:

"It is too much that a villain like the one who has victimized you shall be allowed to triumph in the thought that he has effectually ruined your life, and can still stand between you and the happy future that may be yours if you will only put aside the fantastic notion that so long as his worthless life continues you are not free to accept another. We will not discuss this question now, Betty; it is premature, and we have had enough excitement for one day. You look as if you cannot stand much more, and you had better go to your room and lie down."

Bettina, glad to be released, arose at once and left the room. This last blow had almost overwhelmed her, for the one consolation for the coarse betrayal of her secret, was that now she could openly claim her child, and keep her always near her.

That denied her, she felt that she was indeed desolate, happily unconscious that a more terrible blow was impending over in the utter loss of the darling of her half-broken heart.

She found Mrs. Withers awaiting her in her own room.

"What is to be done about Bella?" she anxiously asked. "Must I give her up to you at once?"

"Oh, Kitty! my father is inexorable; he will not allow me to claim her at all. He insists that she shall remain with you, and I must submit for the time being, at least. It is hard—it is hard, but he has been so good to me in other respects that I must try to bear it as well as I can."

The face of Mrs. Withers brightened, for she was very fond of the infant, and could not bear to think of giving her up, and of being made the subject of gossip throughout the parish as the abettor of the plan of concealment which had been so successfully carried out. She gently said:

"It is best for all parties concerned that I shall keep her as my own, Betty. It is natural that your father shrinks from having her here as a constant reminder of what he wishes to forget. As you say,

he has been very good to you, and you must give up something for his sake."

"Yes—I know—I know; but it is not the less dreadful to me on that account that I am not permitted to place my child in her rightful position and claim her before all the world. I yield for the time, but I will use all my power over him to induce him to yield to me in my turn. Go now, please, Kitty, for I am perfectly exhausted, and kiss my dear darling for me a hundred times."

Mrs. Withers saw indeed that she had borne as much as she had strength to endure, and she took an affectionate leave of her son, left her to wrestle with and conquer her suffering soul in the silence of solitude and prayer.

(To be Continued.)

## GLORIA;

OR,

## MARRIED IN RAGE.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"In the near prospect of death, I desire to make a statement, which, in some measure, may be called a confession."

"Yet let me not mistake my motive in doing this thing."

"If I am not a Christian saint neither am I a cowardly hypocrite."

"No fear of future consequences moves me to this course."

"No remorse for any act in my life drives me to this confession."

"No love for the son whom I have never seen, of whose very existence I was ignorant until within a few months past, urges me to make this statement."

"No! such weak and silly sentiments and affections, fit only to frighten women, children, and cowards, have no lodgment in my nature, nor in the nature of the giant race from which I sprang."

"No; neither fear, remorse, nor love leads me on my present course, but the spirit of vengeance—the desire to be revenged upon the usurpers who have taken possession of my patrimony. To be revenged upon them, to dispossess them of their purchased estate, to bring them to poverty, to beggary, to ruin!"

"That was why I, a fugitive from the law, came back from my long exile as soon as ever I heard that the home of my fathers was in the hands of strangers—came back to brave death, even death on the scaffold, so as to wrench the possession from them. That was why, when I discovered I had a living son, I wrote this statement to give him the power over them."

"I was supposed to be dead and buried these twenty years past, and another man, my foe and my victim, was supposed to have been my murderer and to be a fugitive from justice."

"The case was exactly the reverse of what it appeared to be. The other man was dead and buried under my name, and I, his slayer, was an exile under his name, wandering in foreign countries."

"Let me explain."

"This man, Marmaduke Murdockson, and I had a fierce quarrel—about a woman, of course; from the days of Eve women have caused all the worst troubles in this world."

"Murdockson had made a little too free with this woman, who belonged to me. No matter who she was, she belonged to me."

"He boasted of her good opinion of himself. I knew different, and I told him so. He challenged me on the spot. We arranged a hostile meeting where there were to be no witnesses."

"But first I went home in the dead of night to rid me of the woman who had brought this trouble. I had an old grudge against her besides this. I had met her some years before."

"She was beautiful, and I grew mad to possess her. I won her regard, but soon found out that I must give up my pursuit of her or make her my wife. I was mad for her, so I married her. I could not help it. She compelled me to marry her."

"I married her, but I never forgave her. Very soon I tired of her, and then I hated her that she had bound me in the bondage of marriage."

"That night, having so fair an excuse in the boasting of Murdockson, I went home in the dead of night and rid myself of the woman, as I then supposed, for ever. I was mistaken; but let that pass."

"The next morning I went to Wolf's Gap to keep

my appointment with Murdockson. He was on the ground before me. I had not intended to murder him. I had meant to meet him fairly and risk my own life against his."

"But when I saw him standing there so coolly insolent, and heard him laugh and say:

"To the victor belong the spoils. If you fall, Gryphyn, I shall do my best to console the little beauty up at Gryphynhold."

"Then I lost my self-possession and my senses. I raised my pistol and fired. He sprang up in the air and fell heavily, shot through the heart. When I went up to him he was dead. It was all over so suddenly that I could scarcely realise what had happened."

"But soon reflection came. I felt neither remorse nor fear, but I did not wish to undergo the nuisance of an arrest and trial, if nothing else came of it. I was, besides, disgusted with life in that neighbourhood, and so I speedily determined to make tracks and leave it."

"The carcass on the ground had grown cold. I undressed it, and then undressed myself, and changed clothes with it. Murdockson and myself were about the same size. Then I covered the head from the body, took it away to some distance, and buried it. Then I came back and cut and burnt holes through all the clothing down to the shot wound in the chest."

"Then I completed the change in all other respects—even putting my seal ring on the finger of the dead hand, and replacing my purse, handkerchief, and keys, and my watch in the fold of the coat in which I had dressed the body. I threw down my own hat beside him, and took his and put it upon my own head."

"It had begun to snow while I was engaged in these operations, and by the time I had completed them it was snowing fast. I therefore quickly gathered up all his belongings, disposed of them about my person, went to the place where I had seen his horse tied, and untied the animal and led him into the deep woods, and secured him there, where I remained until it was quite dark."

"Meanwhile I knew that the thick-falling snow had covered up all my tracks. When it was quite dark I mounted the horse and rode down to the shore of the river."

"I could not venture to cross the ferry, so I turned up stream until I reached a fording place, and I crossed there and rode on towards Gryphynhold."

"I reached the park about midnight. The gate was locked and barred, and the gatekeeper gone to bed. The lights were all out in his cottage. So much the better, I thought, for I wanted no witness of my return, or even of my continued existence."

"My horse was Murdockson's trained hunter, on which he had ridden with me behind many a famous pack of hounds, and cleared many a fence and ditch."

"I put Black Beelzebub to the park wall and cleared it, and galloped on to the house. All was dark there. Everybody asleep hours ago, I thought. So much the better again. No evidence of my life was desirable."

"The door was locked and barred and bolted; but there was a strip of window around the frame, with the glass out, and only the iron sashes left. I put my hands through these spaces, first on one side and then on the other, and took out the key from the inside and put it in the key-hole on the outside and turned the lock."

"Then I put my hand through the broken space again and slipped the bolts and bars from the grooves. They fell with a crash, and the little door was open."

"I entered the hall, but was dismayed at first on seeing my housekeeper sitting before the hall-fire, evidently waiting for my return. She had waked up in utter amazement."

"Without giving her time to recover I rushed upstairs to my own room, locked the door, and hastily secured all the money and jewels that I had in my strong box—several thousand pounds in bank-notes, and some valuable diamonds, all of which I secured about my person."

"Then I packed one change of clothes in a small valise, and I slipped down the back stairs and out at the back door; found my horse, or rather Murdockson's, where I had left him, mounted, and fled."

"Ha! ha! ha! I have chanced to hear since then how my ghost appeared at Gryphynhold at midnight some hours after my dead body had been found on the duelling-ground behind Wolf's Gap. So much for a well-authenticated, blood-curdling, and hair-raising ghost story."

"That night I forded the river again, and before the next morning I was well on my road northward."



Just before sunrise I found myself on the banks of a broad and rapid river in a solitary place. There, though it was mid-winter, I undressed, took a bath in the flowing stream, and put on the fresh suit of clothes.

"Then I tied up Murdockson's burnt and stained clothes with some heavy fragment of rock, and threw them as far as I could into the river. I saw them sink, and then remounted my horse and rode down the bank of the river until I came to a town.

"There I got breakfast, left my horse in pledge for a fresh one, and, of course, a very much inferior one, which I hired to pursue my journey.

"Now I did not travel very fast in those days; besides, I avoided stage-coaches and public roads wherever I had been seen before, travelling on horseback through bye-ways, and putting up at small, out of the way inns and farm-houses, and whenever I wanted a fresh horse changing the one I rode for a less valuable one, until at last, when I reached Bristol, the creature I bestowed would not have brought ten pounds at a private sale.

"I did not stop in the metropolis, for though I had never been there before, yet some one from my neighbourhood might probably see and recognise me.

"I took passage on a schooner bound for London, where I arrived in the course of a week.

"It was in London that I got the first news of Gryphynhold.

"The story of the 'Tragedy of Wolf's Gap,' as it was called, had just reached the city and got into the papers. Men were discussing it while they smoked around the rusty stove of the low tavern, to which, for more security, I had chosen to go. For I might have met some old acquaintance at either of the better class hotels.

"Of course, I listened to what was going on. And a good-natured, unassuming idiot seeing that I seemed to take an interest in the subject, told me all about it—much more than I knew or ever could have known, myself.

"He told me how one Colonel Marmaduke Murdockson, who was one of the most notorious villains in the whole world, had run off with the sweetheart of an amiable young gentleman of the name of Gryphyn, just before the two last-mentioned were about to be married.

"How Mr. Gryphyn had challenged Colonel Murdockson, and they met to fight a duel without witnesses; but that Colonel Murdockson evidently fired before the time and killed his adversary. And then the atrocious murderer mutilated the body and fled the country.

"However, pursued my informant, 'the coroner's jury found a verdict of murder against Marmaduke Murdockson, and the government has offered a reward for his apprehension.'

"And what has become of the young woman who was the cause of this uproar? I inquired, feeling some curiosity as to the fate of Desolée.

"Oh! she! she is missing too. Gone off with Marmaduke Murdockson. But there's the newspaper, sir, with the full account of all the particulars. You can read it for yourself," said my new friend, handing me the much-worn morning paper of the preceding day.

"I took possession to read at my leisure. My thoughts were then occupied with the fate of Desolée. I was speculating whether she had perished on the mountain during the midnight storm, and whether her body had fallen into some inaccessible ravine where it would never be found.

"Also, now that a reward had been offered for the apprehension of Murdockson, I felt that I must hurry out of the country and put the broad ocean between myself and 'the avengers of blood;' for though I was not Murdockson, yet an intelligent search for Murdockson might result in finding me and ultimately discovering the truth in regard to the man who was buried for me.

"The same day I took a passage on a clipper bound for America.

"I reached there finally with a small capital in gold and diamonds of about five thousand pounds. With that I engaged in the only profession for which I was fitted by birth, education, and talent—the profession of gambling.

"For that branch of industry I possessed not only talent and training, but transcendent genius and passion. I prospered in it greatly. I was the modern Midas; everything I touched turned to gold. Rivers of gold flowed by me. Mountains of gold arose around me.

"So rich was I that the market value of my abandoned home at Gryphynhold sank to a mere bauble, not worth a thought from me—the market value, I said; but it had another value—that of being mine.

"Yes, I was fabulously rich—'rolling in gold,' as

the people say. But my success was of the sort that finally defeats itself; like the racehorse, so sure always to win that after a while no other horse can be found to run against him.

"When my success became so well known in London I did not lose or affect to lose in order to lessen it, or restore the shaken confidence of others in their own luck or skill. I went to another place, hastened to get there before my fame should precede me.

"Thus from America I went to Paris, from Paris to Baden, thence to Hamburg, so in succession through all the towns and cities on the Continent, and at the end of twenty years back to London, where another generation had come up, and my unflinching successes had been forgotten. I was rich enough to retire, but I could no more stop gaming than I could stop breathing. Beginning a second time in London, I went over the same ground there and on the Continent, but not with my pristine brilliancy of success. I had something of a European reputation by this time, which was against me. Besides, I was growing old, and a fatal disease was gaining power over me.

"You see I was already forty-five when I married Marie Desolée Dabois. I was fifty when I fled from my home. Twenty years of exile brought me to the three-score years and ten that are said to be the limit of man's life.

"The long lapse of time, the failure of health and strength, and, more than all, of success in my passion for gambling, combined to inspire me with the desire to return home and look upon my native land once more.

"I do not know, however, that I should have put this purpose into practice, if it had not been that a mere chance revealed to me the fact that my house and manor of Gryphynhold had passed into the hands of strangers.

"The chance was this: I was seated at one of the tables in the coffee room at Simpson's in London, when the name, 'Sir David Wynne Griffin,' spoken among a group of men at the next table, caught my attention. I knew it to be the name of a Welsh baronet, the descendant of the elder branch of our family, whom I hated, because he had modernised an emphasised our rugged old patronymic. I listened.

"Yes," said the elder man of the group, evidently speaking of the baronet under discussion, "he was poor enough when he came into his property about twenty years ago; but fortunately just then a wild scapegrace relative—a very distant one, you may judge—got himself killed in a brawl, and dying intestate heirs were advertised for. Sir David being next of kin, responded through his solicitor, and came into possession of the wild bear's den without any difficulty. He sold it for a good price to a wealthy Cuban, who had more money than he knew what to do with, it seems. And with the proceeds of the sale the baronet lifted the mortgages off his paternal estate of Llanywngin, and paid the rest of his debts."

"With these words the group of men arose and scattered away from the table.

"I cannot express with what rage and fury this intelligence filled me—that my house and the home of my ancestors had been sold and passed into the hands of strangers.

"When I recovered some self-possession, I started up to follow the men who had been talking about it; but they had already dispersed.

"Then I resolved to go home, be the consequences what they might in all other respects, so that I could expel the usurpers and triumph.

"It was mid-winter—a dreary season to cross the ocean—and my fatal malady was giving on me, making me more unfit for exertion or exposure every day but this latter circumstance, instead of preventing my departure altogether, only served to hasten it.

"I embarked at New York on the first of March, and reached Southampton on the fifteenth.

"The voyage had invigorated rather than injured me.

"I did not loiter in the city, but set out at once for Gryphynhold, going by steamer to Hull, and thence by stage-coach down the valley, until I reached the little town of Pincastle.

"I purchased a good horse and pursued my journey on horseback, stopping frequently for rest and refreshment, until I reached Kirk's Ferry.

"There I left my horse and engaged another one, on which I rode toward Gryphynhold with the fixed determination to kill the interloper who had taken possession of my own paternal home.

"I did not cross the river at the ferry. I avoided Wolf's Gap because I did not wish to be recognised before I had an opportunity to reconnoitre Gryphynhold.

"I rode up to the fording place and crossed there

and rode on through the narrow mountain pass until I came upon the estate.

"The night had closed in with clouds and dense darkness. It reminded me of another night—the last I had ever spent at the old place—and then, by a flash of memory, I suddenly recollected that this night was the twenty-second anniversary of my flight from Gryphynhold.

"It was beginning to snow fast when I came upon a log cabin on the edge of the pine woods.

"More than twenty years before I had known it as the habitation of an old woman named Rizpah—or Jenny, as she was nicknamed—who had been my own nurse in my infancy. I did not, of course, know whether she were still living or not. She must have been seventy at the time of my flight; but these ayahs often live to a great age. She might be still living.

"I saw a dim light gleaming through the crevice of the closed door, and I alighted and tied my horse, and went and listened at the crack.

"I heard no sound.

"I tried the door and found it unfastened. I opened it a little way and looked in.

"There, by the light of a pine wood fire, I saw an aged crone, seated on a low chair, bending over the hearth.

"I knew, if this were Rizpah, I might trust her; if she were some other ayah, I need not make myself known.

"I ventured to call her name:

"Mammy Rizpah!"

"Ah! what voice was that? It sounded like—it sounded like—" muttered the old creature.

"Then I slipped into the hut, and up to the light of the fire, and said:

"Rizpah, don't you know me?"

"Oh! is it you, young master, come home at last! Well, well, I knowed I would see you ag'n 'face ebbler I did,' she said, to my great amazement.

"Why, Rizpah, did you not think, with all the rest, that I was dead and buried long ago?"

"No, young master, not me—not Rizpah. Dat dead body might 'ceive everybody else, 'cause de head was gone, and it was dressed in your clothes, but not me, young master!"

"I must here remark that to the woman of ninety the man of seventy was still the young master she had known in his childhood and youth.

"How was it that you knew the body was not mine? I now inquired.

"Set down, young master, and I will tell you. Don't you keep standin' dere. I ain't much 'prised to see you, neither. De spirits told me you was a comin'," she said in a weird manner.

"The spirits, Rizpah? I said.

"Ay, boney. You must know, young master, when a 'oman gets as ole as me, dey has one foot in dis world and one in t'oder. Dem spirits in t'oder world told me as you was a comin'."

"Well, I will not contradict you; but did the spirits also tell you that the body which was found and identified as mine was somebody else's?"

"No, master; ne spirits had no ead to tell me dat. I knowed it mysself. Dat body might 'pose on oders; it couldn't 'pose on me, who nussed an' washed an' dressed you when you was a baby, an' tended you when you was a growin' boy, an' waited on you when you was a man. No, not me—Rizpah! Why was de scar ob de burn on your back? Not on dat body what was buried for youn, young master."

"Did you tell the people that the body was not mine? I inquired, with some interest.

"Who! me! Who! Rizpah? No, young master, I kept your secret faithful; for I did not see as it was your secret. So dey buried dat body as youn, young master, an' put a headstone ober it, likewise."

"While I was wondering at the intelligent perspicacity of the old woman I suddenly thought to ask her a question:

"Do you know, Rizpah, whatever became of Marie Desolée?"

"Oh! young master, no, I dunno!" she answered.

"Then she did not perish in the storm that night?"

"No, young master; you ain't got that heavy sin to answer for. It would ha' been a heavier sin than you flink, maybe, for she wouldn't a perished by herself. It was de nodder ob your chile as you turned out dat night, my poor, misable young master!" said the hag.

"I was very much astonished. I had not dreamed of that contingency; and so I told the old crone.

"She didn't know it herself, young master, so how could she tell you? But I knowed it soon as I seed her, 'cause I has hab much 'perience in sich."

"Then you saw her? I exclaimed, in much more surprise than I had yet felt.

"Oh! young master, yes, I feed her! She come to me to pertection dat werry same night she was



[A BITTER PILL.]

turned out in de storm! De Lord forgib you for it, sar! I's prayed for dat often. She come to me, she did, and I succored her, I did, and sent her 'way next 'mornin' disguised in my own boy Phil's Sunday clothes."

"Where did she go?" I inquired, in anxiety.

"Lord knows! young marse. She was agwine to make for her own home whey she was brought up; but wedder or no she ebber got dere I cant tell."

"On hearing this, I took a sudden resolution to go down to the eastern shore of England, to revisit Sandy Isle, where I had first met Desolée's and to find out whether she still lived, or, if she had died, whether she had left a child. But first I would effect the purpose for which I had come down to Cornwall."

"I put another question to the old woman."

"Do you know much about the man who dared to purchase the property owned by a living but absent landholder?"

"Which you means does I know de man what bought Gryphynhold?"

"Yes."

"No, young marse, I dun no him. He done dead and gone long ago, an' 'lef' only one child, his darter, which is de aires an' has jus' got married an' come here to lib. Law, young marse, she aint nuffou but a child herself."

"Was she brought up here?" I next inquired.

"No, young marse—her parents nebber come here to lib. Nobody nebber come here to lib till she come two or free days ago. Ef we haddent been told, we should nebber ha' known by any change as de ole place had a new marster. All de same people was kep' on to de farm, eben down to de same ober-seer and de same housekeeper!"

"Humph! Were the domestics retained as well as the estate?" I could not help asking.

"Yes, marse, most of 'em 'tained; but no one come nigh de place to lib on it or to make any change untill de young aires got married an' come home 'bout two or free days ago."

"Whom did this Cuban girl marry?" I inquired.

"Danno, young marse; his name is—his name is—Stay! I has heard it, and it has something to do wid something to wear—his name is—Fustian? No. What is it, don? Serge? No. Camlet? Oh! I know what it is! I knowed it was something like cloth. It is Linsey-woolsey! Dat's his name—Linsey-woolsey!" said the old hag, triumphantly.

"I suspect it is Lindsay," I said, with no dis-

position to laugh, for the name was that of Desolée's mother, or foster-mother; though I did not suppose any connection between the heiress of Gryphynhold's husband and my humble mother-in-law.

"Yes, honey, dat's just what I said—Linsey-woolsey," persisted the crone, with the obtuseness and stolidity of her race and age.

"I thought. My revenge fell to the ground. The purchaser of Gryphynhold was dead. His representative was a young girl, just married, and her husband was the master of Gryphynhold! Very well. If he held the wrongful master's place, he should share the wrongful master's doom."

"This young Lindsay is now at the hall, you say?" I inquired.

"No, marster, I nebber say dat. I say how he was dere; but he has gone back whey he come from, on business, and left de young lady along o' Mrs Brent at de house. He goed away dis werry morning. Marse Oberseer Cummings took him to Wolf's Gap in the mule wagon, and mos' jes' pass by here on his way back to de house, jes before you come."

"And the young lady is alone with Mrs. Brent at the house?" I inquired.

"Wid Mrs. Brent and Miss Phil and the serving people," she answered.

"I reflected deeply for a few minutes. The principal thought was of Desolée and her child. They might both be living. If so, what a revenge I had in prospect against the usurpers of my property! A revenge that I might now take, without exposing my own life or liberty as the slayer of Marmaduke Murdockson and a returned fugitive from justice! My resolution was quickly taken—to get into the house of Gryphynhold and get possession of certain papers, concealed in the secret drawer of an old writing desk that used to stand in my chamber, and, as the old woman had declared that nothing had been changed, probably stood there still."

"After getting possession of these documents, I would go down to the Eastern shore of England and hunt up Desolée and her child. If that child should be living, the papers I should hold, and others I should execute, would enable him, after my death, to eject the usurpers of his father's estate. If the living child should be a girl, the result would be the same. Then I could die in peace!"

"I bound old Ripshap by a solemn promise never to reveal to any human being the fact of my return,

but to keep as silently and sacredly as ever the secret she had kept so long.

"Then I got from her some corn and oatmeal to feed my horse. I took the saddle off his back and brought it into her hut."

"Then I walked the remainder of the distance to Gryphynhold."

"The gate of the park was unlocked and the gate-house was untenanted. I passed through and entered the neglected drive that led up to the house. The snow was now very deep and still falling fast. I remember thinking how strange a coincidence it was that I should be going again at midnight, in a snow-storm, on a secret visit to Gryphynhold, on the twenty-second anniversary of the night when I had made my last visit and flight."

"As I approached the house, I noticed that all was dark within, except the great central hall, from which a dim light shone through the strip around the frame of the front door—just as it had on that notable night twenty-one years before!"

"I laughed aloud as I stepped upon the threshold, for there was the strip with all the glass out, and even some of the iron sashes rusted and broken away—altogether much more dilapidated than it had been on that other memorable occasion when I made use of it twenty-one years before."

"I stooped and peered through the broken glass on the scene within. It was an interesting one to a secret spectator. There were two fireplaces in that old hall—one on the right as I looked in, near the front door. This was black and cold. But there was one on the left, farther down, near the back door. This was dimly lighted by a sulky and smouldering fire, around which were gathered three frightened-looking women. As I live, I believe the old housekeeper was just then telling them the horrible things that had happened that night twenty-two years before!"

"I laughed within myself to think how I should frighten them out of their senses presently. An opportune gust of wind arose, it was the clearing off wind, as we were wont to call it in those parts. It came up very suddenly; but the three women were too deeply absorbed to notice it—the old housekeeper telling her marvellous story, the two girls listening to it. I chuckled to think how I should startle them in a moment, putting them to flight like a flock of birds."

(To be Continued.)





[A FLORAL PEACE OFFERING.]

## WHO DID IT?

OR,

## THE WARD'S SECRET.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE CAVE.

"The horror that freezes his limbs is brief,  
He grasps his war axe and bow, and a sheaf  
Of darts made sharp for the foe,  
And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,  
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet  
Than the blast hurries the vapour and sleet  
On the wild November day."

"BETTER stay, old fellow. The night is lowering, and you'll hardly get home before the storm breaks," said Sir Charles Molyneux, as Neville Grantley, who had been dining at Crantock Abbey, prepared to bid him good-night.

"Thanks, no. Sir Aldebrande is rather a martinet in such matters, and has the feminine privilege of bad health in support of his 'regulations,'" returned Grantley. "A fellow would hardly like to send him off the hooks with a paralytic fit from an unwonted attack of cholera. Besides I know the road as well as I do Leighton Court, and by the beach it's much shorter than the other way."

"Take care of the sea and the sea dogs," said Sir Charles, significantly. "They are neither of them to be trusted."

"It's low tide, and I'm not exactly contraband, so I don't think I'm in much danger," replied Neville, shaking hands determinately, and in a few minutes he was on his way.

Both the speakers had been right. The clouds were lowering and obscuring the moon, then in her waning quarter, and by no means capable of enlightening the scene with any useful effulgence, and there was moreover a suspicious blackness in the "wind," and a hollow growl in the waves as they plashed in the distance.

But Neville was familiar with every step, as he believed, of the shore. He had perfect certainty that he could not be overtaken by the tide, and without any qualms as to the result, he descended to the beach at the first opportunity and set off quickly on his way.

If he had any troublous reflections it was not of

his safety. It was of Viola Devaux, whose image was vividly conjured up by the very scene around; it was of his mysterious relative and his own doubtful fate that he thought.

Hitherto his life had passed like that of others in his position. The usual routine of private tuition, public school and college had been gone through.

But now the choice of a profession, and the rencontre with the only woman in whom he had ever felt the slightest interest or attraction, and yet more some hints it had elicited from his relative that he was not so near of kin as had been imagined, had changed his whole ideas.

He felt as if mentally cast on a desolate shore—like that which he trod—and without rudder or pilot to decide his course, unless he gave himself up to the rule and guidance of Sir Aldebrande, and doomed himself to a course totally repugnant to his tastes and doubtful in its results.

It was little wonder if he walked on with but scant notice of the familiar surrounding objects, even though the increasing gloom, and the growling of the thunder and the lightning gleams, should have counselled more caution.

At length, however, his dreamy state was rudely disturbed by a sudden contact with some unexpected object that well nigh threw him off his equilibrium, and, at the very moment, a flash of lightning more vivid than the rest showed him that he had wandered from his course, and that he was close to the cliff within the bay, instead of, as he expected, the direct road that would take him past the jutting promontories of the diversified coast.

The large drops of rain that had been from time to time heralding a downpour were thickening into a blinding mist that only the Atlantic shores can show in full violence and baffling power.

It was a complete squall, and Neville was but too well acquainted with its nature not to comprehend its portent and his own risk. Another flash, and he saw a deep fissure in the cliff that betokened the presence of a cavern, such as are so common to the coast, close at hand.

What should he do? Should he avail himself of its shelter, and remain there till the morning light broke on the scene?

Surely the tempest would be more than sufficient excuse for his non-arrival at Leighton Court, and though the prospect was neither very cheerful nor altogether safe, yet it was the less evil of the two.

"And after all," he murmured bitterly, "my life or death matters little to anyone, save to myself, so here goes."

And he shook off the wet from his clothes and entered the cave.

For a few moments he felt a sense of relief from the violence of the storm. But ere he had been many seconds in the cold recess he was conscious of a damp, aye, and more than damp moisture at his feet that chilled him to the very heart's core.

Of course it was left by the sea in its more violent tides, was the first impression that he received.

Then, as one of the vivid flashes that were continually becoming more and more strong and frequent came before him they revealed a red stain—a damp pool—that very terribly resembled blood.

It was enough to make the strongest heart quail.

The loneliness, the roar of the thunder and the incoming waves, that were lashed to stronger and more rapid approach by the storm, and then that terrible proof that some other and ruthless being was, or had been, the tenant of the cave.

Neville Grantley was no coward. He could stand as much as most of real or suspected danger.

But in this combination of horrors his heart did sink within him, and he at last sat down on one of the large stones in the cavern and fairly hid his face in his hands as if to shut out the horror of the scene. He could not hear, and certainly could not see any approaching object.

And it was no wonder if he was not aware that he was not alone, and that a man's figure was standing by his side, though he could scarcely believe that it had only just entered the mouth of the cavern, since it was—when he became aware of its presence—dry and untouched by the storm.

It was a harsh and a hard voice that aroused him.

"Who are you, bold young stranger?—or rather what besotted folly has brought you here?" he said, as Neville started aside in an ungovernable thrill of surprise and terror.

"I was overtaken by the storm. I was on my way home, and took refuge here," said the young man, in the same loud tones that could alone be heard in such a scene.

The lightning now revealed the weird figure to Neville's eyes.

And certainly it did not present any very prepossessing aspect.

The man was powerfully built, and with all the features of one who has been from his birth exposed to the roughening influences of wind and weather—of toil and trial.

The rough lined skin, the lowering brow, the thick eyebrows and deep set eyes all told the same tale, and his whole dress and attitude were consistent with its existence.

A more startling apparition could perhaps only be imagined in that lonely spot and on such a night.

He was silent till the still recurring flash once more threw its light on all the horrors of the place with the crimson stains and the gory pool.

A sarcastic laugh came over the man's face as he caught Neville's involuntary glance at the ghastly object.

"Yes, that's very likely, you are like the rest of the world. You first rush into danger, and then plunge into what's worse for yourself and everyone else, to get out of it."

He then ejaculated at intervals.

"Do you live here by?"

"Not far off, as I suppose, but I've missed my way, I fancy, for though I thought I knew every part of the coast, I don't remember ever seeing this cave, at least, so far as I can tell by this light," replied the young man.

"What's your name? Where is your home? I suppose you're not ashamed to say?" were the next questions, without noticing the last part of Neville's speech.

The young man briefly responded.

He had a vague idea that the information might influence the man to some forbearance, that is if he had any design on him, as it was evident that inquiries would be made and punishment ensue, were he discovered to be foully dealt by.

"And you say you don't know this cave; do you mean that you don't know the bay it's in, or the cave itself?" asked the man, sternly.

"Neither as it appears to me," returned the young man. "But of course it is almost impossible to say by this light."

"And it's just as well that you should say it and think it by any light," returned the man, gruffly.

"Why?"

"Because there's no good ever comes to those that pry into other folk's secrets," returned the man. "Now suppose it suited me to make all safe and I were to throw you into the sea, and let you turn up with the tide, I'd like to know what would be said? Why, that you'd met with the fate that you might expect and fall into the ocean in the storm. No one would ever think about it more."

It was no pleasant suggestion nor situation, but Neville Grantley had had time to recover from his first surprise, and he was certain that his only hope lay in perfect self-possession and apparent confidence.

"Probably not," he said, calmly.

The man laughed once more.

"That's cool, anyhow. And what's to hinder me, then?" he asked.

"Simply because you've no reason to commit the crime."

"Do you suppose that would stop me?" asked the man, quickly.

"Yes. I don't suppose even the most reckless commit murder for amusement, and certainly I've never done you any harm, nor do I intend to do so," said Neville, preserving the same apparent coolness of demeanour.

"Should you know me again?" asked the man.

"Yes, I believe I should."

Again came that hard, bitter laugh.

"Ah, I'm not so easily forgotten—that's the worst of it. Now hearken, young sir. It mayhap won't suit me to be known by you, nor for you to be prating about this cave."

Neville laughed involuntarily.

"Why, what's the difference between this and fifty others I could name?" he asked, quickly.

Again the man paused a moment, and the next time the light fell on the place he was not by Neville's side.

The young man glanced eagerly round; he even ventured to the edge of the recess to look round for him on the beach, but there was no trace of his presence.

Neville felt a strange horror creep over him.

Could he be gone to seek some comrade in crime? or was he preparing for the horrid deed he had threatened without taking even one of his own kind into his confidence?

He was doubting whether he should try now that the storm was slightly abating to leave the place, and rather dare the tempest than leave himself at the mercy of this formidable stranger.

But as he took one step forward towards the opening a hand was placed firmly but not roughly on

him, and he felt as a child in the grasp of a man, so iron-like was the vice in which he was held.

"Foolish boy, did you think I was gone, and you would escape my company?" said the man, in a voice that had less anger in it than Neville might have expected.

"I certainly supposed you had left the spot, and that I was as free as yourself to come and go on the sea shore," returned Neville. I cannot even now imagine whence you came," he added, looking round at the comparatively small space of the cavern.

"Every one knows their way about their own premises, I suppose," returned the man. "And as to freedom, there's one condition that you'll have to make, I can tell you, before we part."

"And what is that?" asked Neville.

"You've taken pretty good stock of what this place contains," observed the man. "Aye, and the colour of the carpet, I reckon."

Neville involuntarily shuddered. It was a sufficient response.

"And you say you'd know me again?"

"Yes."

"I like you for that admission. It looks as if you spoke the truth," observed the man. "Aye, and shamed Satan by it, even in me. Now, if you swear that you won't on any pretext whatever repeat what you have seen to night, or say that you've known me before if we meet again, I'm rather inclined to trust you, though I might not many folks."

Neville's lips contracted rigidly to repress an angry retort.

"If I do swear, you certainly may," he said.

"And what good would it be if you didn't?" he sneered; "you'd never have the chance then."

Neville still hesitated.

That terrible dark stain, so recently made, was certainly the sign of some violence and crime.

Was he to condone such knowledge until the necessity for its revelation had passed, and were the same fate to be his would he not shrink from the idea that his death was thus utterly wrapped in mystery, unknown and unpanished?

Yet so it would be in any case. His refusal would assuredly not throw any light on the mystery, but only add to its extent; and, after all, he could actually not afford a clue nor make any definite charge, whatever he might suspect. It were but Quixotic folly to lose life for such useless result.

"It is repugnant to my nature," he said, "to take any such oath, but as it is I see no alternative. I will do as you insist, and rest assured I shall not perjure myself nor betray you when I have pledged my word and honour to the contrary."

"For once I believe a gentleman," sneered the man; "and it will be ten times worse for you if I have cause to think myself an idiot for my pains afterwards."

He dictated an oath in about the strongest form that could be invented, and Neville's very pulses thrilled and his heart steeled as he pronounced the words.

"There, now we'll soon conclude our acquaintance for the present," he said. "As soon as the tide allows you can get on now, for the storm is giving over. But I'll take you a shorter cut, only you must be blindfolded first."

And drawing a large handkerchief from his pocket he bound it round the young man's eyes, and taking his hand bade him trust to his guidance, and fear nothing but his own faint heart.

There was a noise as of a match striking, then they went through a path which did not seem exposed to the open air save at rare intervals; then, after some ten minutes, as it seemed to Neville, they stopped, and the handkerchief was taken off.

"You'll know where you are when the light comes," said the man. "Don't stir till then and beware of forgetting or remembering too much."

And before Neville could reply he was gone.

## CHAPTER V.

### DECEIT.

"Oh, what was love made for if it is not the same Through joys and through torment, through glory and shame? I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart, I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art?"

"For her sake—for her sake. Yes, I must be patient. She would die, perhaps. I should see her fade before my eyes, sink into the grave, and I— and I should drag my very life out with self-reproach. I, who could—who would run any risks—take any measures—give up my very all—must do yet more. I must be patient and wait—patient—patient, and look on till I am sure. That is the hardest of all. But I can—I must endure it. And when it is over I shall be amply rewarded, either by joy or by an almost sweeter revenge."

Thus mused and soliloquised Paul Leclerc as he paced his room early on the following day after Sir Charles Molyneux's dinner.

His head was bent, his eyes fixed on the ground—or rather on vacancy—for assuredly he could not have told whether the floor was covered by sea shells or Gobelin tapestry in the pre-occupation of his mind.

Certainly never was devoted lover more taken up with his beloved image than was that worshipping father in endeavouring to spell out, as it were, the readings of the book of fate for his beautiful child.

"Spell out and compel also."

Yes, that was the yet more impossible and pretentious desire.

And in that very resolution lay his risk and his love.

He was roused from his abstraction by the sound of a footstep descending the stairs. He listened attentively.

It was certainly not one of his fair charges, from its masculine tread, and it had a something in it that betokened a trained and gentlemanly bearing, that convinced him that he was not mistaken in its owner.

It was Reginald Waldegrave.

He hastily finished his nearly completed toilet, and followed him down the stairs to the breakfast-room, which was the usual rendezvous for the morning meal.

He looked for a few moments before he could discern any figure in the room. Then just within the recess of a deep window, looking curiously from its broad panes, he saw Reginald surveying the scene without.

"Good-morning, Waldegrave, you are early in spite of our dissipation," he said, carelessly.

"Surely I might return the compliment if it is one," said the young man.

"Ah, but those at my time of life do not require so much sleep as younger men. It will scarcely apply in my case," returned Mr. Leclerc, quickly.

Reginald gave a careless assent.

He either did not like the tone or else he did not exactly comprehend the purport of the host's remarks.

"That is one point in which you and my ward appear to agree," exclaimed Mr. Leclerc. "You both are extremely restless in the morning. Some persons would say that it was a guilty conscience," he added, with a forced laugh.

"Certainly that can't be the case with Miss Devaux, whatever I might be supposed to possess," remarked Reginald.

"It is to be supposed not. You admire Viola, do you not?" asked Mr. Leclerc.

"As most men of my taste would."

"Exactly," said the guardian. "No doubt Viola has good points, and perhaps they are even more striking from her not being so perfectly beautiful as—some girls."

"As Miss Leclerc, for instance?"

"Ah, we will not mention names. I might be supposed to be partial in that quarter," remarked Mr. Leclerc; "but what I did mean was rather that a general uniformity in person or mind or dress does not so much attract as some salient points that stand out prominently from the rest. You see what I mean, Waldegrave?"

"I think so."

"And you agree with me?"

"You mean that perfection is rather monotonous, one is weary of constant satisfaction as of nature's sunshine. It lacks interest and surprises and doubts," returned the young man. "Yes, I believe you are right, Mr. Leclerc."

The host looked but half satisfied.

"I suppose then that Miss Devaux must thus occupy a great deal of attention from you, and in fact must be extremely attractive?" asked Paul Leclerc.

"I really am not prepared to go into such measurements of feeling, as if one was calculating a problem," returned the young man, sharply.

"Nor could you be required to do it except by the young lady's guardian," said Mr. Leclerc, in a significant tone.

"You mean that you consider my attentions to the lady too marked. On the contrary, I should have considered they were so fitful and so spasmodic that they might not be quarrelled with on that ground," returned the young man, again.

Paul Leclerc was baffled, perhaps, for a few seconds.

"Waldegrave, I have no wife; I have not seen fit to replace my lost one by any chaperone for my daughter and ward," he said, gravely. "I am therefore bound to be additionally careful and watchful over them. Pauline has been too imma-



diately under my own training to give me so much anxiety, but Viola is more impulsive and ignorant of the usages of the world. I cannot say that I am as tranquil on her account as my own child's."

Reginald had turned away for a few moments during Mr. Leclerc's last words.

Perhaps it was to hide the derisive smile that he could not altogether banish from his lips. When he did again move towards the place where Mr. Leclerc stood, all had disappeared save an expression of determination that was rarely seen there.

"Mr. Leclerc, all this can have but one meaning if it has any," he said, deliberately. "You give me to understand that you consider there has been something objectionable in my manner to Miss Devaux. I certainly am perfectly unconscious of it. I could not alter it without great discourtesy and most unmerited slight to your ward. If you insist on it of course I must leave The Wilderness at once. I really cannot live under surveillance and restraint in any spot whatever."

Paul had more ready self-command, perhaps, than his younger companion.

It would have been well-nigh impossible to detect the actual effect produced by this determined announcement.

And his answer was prompt and decisive.

"Waldegrave, you do me great injustice. I never even dreamed of such impertinent tyranny over a valued guest. I did but give a friendly hint, as I might have done to my own son if I had been fortunate enough to possess one, not to give false ideas by most innocent kindnesses, nor to misunderstand very innocent mistakes, even in manner. That being understood, all is well, and we will forget this morning's conversation," he added, blandly.

"Scarcely not altogether, Mr. Leclerc," said the young man. "I am not so easily blown about by every breath. But one thing I can tell you, and that is that if I see any cause to take the course you are, of course, implying, and paying court to Miss Devaux, I should certainly do the most probable thing, and in the most favourable way to win her. At this moment I have no such plans or prospects, and, as you say, we had better let the subject drop in words, at any rate," he went on significantly, as he threw down a flower he had unconsciously plucked, as if in token of his determined expressions.

Paul Leclerc could have expatiated on the plucking of that blossom in a far more serious and substantial form.

But he abstained from expressing the wrath that was yet boiling within him. He heard Pauline's step on the stairs. He could imagine her bright face as she was recalling the coming pleasure. He expected in a few moments to hear her sweet voice. Could he destroy that happiness ere it was needed? His suspicions might be unfounded, Reginald might be true at heart.

It might be only a young man's passing amusement, a triumph over any stray heart that came in his way.

Paul Leclerc did not really believe that he was not in his real judgment in his knowledge of human nature and of men. Still he again bade himself hope and wait.

"Then," he muttered, "then for vengeance when all else is over. I can gratify my utmost desires then, and make up for the restraint and the delay."

Reginald heard the approach also. He perhaps was either less master of himself, or he scorned to be so easily pacified after the past skirmish.

He sprang from the low window, and took some quick turns backwards and forwards ere he again appeared, at the risk of cooling the smoking breakfast on the table.

When he returned he had some lovely flowers in his hand. Pauline eagerly extended her fingers for them as she shook hands with him.

"Pardon me, Miss Leclerc, I must divide the spoil equally, if I can," he said, as he placed the flowers on a small table. "It is very difficult, I know, but I will try."

Pauline flushed angrily.

"Pray do not give yourself so much trouble. Let them go together," she said, coldly.

"Not unless you insist on it. If you do reject my poor offering, of course I must accept the refusal," he said, calmly, "but I did nothing I hope to court it. Think better, I mean more kindly of it," he added, in a more serious tone, as Viola at the moment entered.

"I will accede then to your request," she said, playfully. "It will be rather amusing to see your struggles for impartiality."

"Let us have breakfast first. I am old enough to prefer omelette to all the volume of the garden,"

interposed Mr. Leclerc. "And the delay has been enough to make the cook commit suicide."

"Or go into hysterics in the mildest form," laughed Pauline. "Well, we can consider the flowers while we are discussing Blanche's performances."

But the meal passed slowly by. Viola was nervous and depressed at the signs around. Pauline had an uneasy fever in her veins, and her father!

Ah, Paul Leclerc's forced smile and apparent appetite could scarcely deceive a novice in the world's ways.

But Reginald Waldegrave took no heed of its warning clouds. He dared the storm. Not one change in tone or look betrayed any uneasiness or constraint.

And by slow degrees Viola lost her fettered nerve, and entered into the subjects that Reginald started, and which he knew possessed interest for her.

"Will Mr. Grantley come over here to-day, do you think?" asked Mr. Leclerc, at last, as if to change the conversation and conclude the whole repast, with some abruptness of manner.

"I really do not know. Perhaps Miss Leclerc can give me some information. Neville was singing with her, I noticed, half the evening," returned Reginald.

"Yes, Mr. Grantley has certainly learnt in Italy, his style is so pure," returned the girl, quietly.

"Precisely. When a fellow has a voice it is somewhat like a magnet, I've always noticed, but I prefer a less uninteresting attraction," said Reginald, scornfully. "But it is all a matter of opinion. I suppose the sympathies are not to be accounted for, Miss Devaux?" he added, turning to Viola.

But the girl shook her head deprecatingly.

"Do have patience and attend to these flowers," she said. "Miss Leclerc is waiting to arrange them. I am going to arrange a hundred things this morning," she added, playfully.

And turning away from the table, she hastily left the room.

It was rather a bold and decidedly an embarrassing stroke under the circumstances.

But Mr. Leclerc would have sacrificed not only his own comfort but his very name and repute for that one worshipped idol of his soul.

And when Reginald turned round from the departing figure of Viola Devaux he saw that his host also had disappeared.

But Pauline was there, bused, as it seemed, with some plants that stood in a jardiniere near the window.

She gave a quick glance at Reginald, and then bent again over the glowing myrtle without a word.

But in that moment Reginald perceived that her eyes were moistened with tears, albeit they were crushed back under the lids.

Were they anger or love?

The young man felt that it was at the least incumbent on him to test the point.

"Pauline!" he cried. "Pauline!"

She did not reply. She did not seem to hear his voice in her preoccupation.

He approached nearer.

"You are angry with me," he said. "Is it not so? Yet it is unjust—needless."

"I have no right nor inclination to enter on such a subject, Mr. Waldegrave," she said. "It is enough that you feel conscious I have some cause to be so."

"You mean that a guilty conscience needs no other accuser," he said, coolly. "Perhaps mine is remarkably hard, for I cannot perceive that I am in fault."

She did not reply.

Perhaps the tone he took was precisely what weighed the most forcibly with her nature. Had she been less passionately in love, or had he appeared more malleable, she would have retorted with bitter sharpness.

As it was, she dared not risk the prize she had so nearly, if not entirely won.

"It is for you to say," he resumed, after a pause, "whether you expect a man is to neglect even the common courtesies of life to any girl but the one whom he more especially admires. I am not inclined to submit to such bondage."

The tears did sparkle resentfully now.

"Reginald, you must feel that ours is a most peculiar position, and that I am placed in circumstances most gallingly trying to any girl. You have confessed that—that you—"

"That I admire you excessively; that I am only waiting certain contingencies to ask you to be my wife, and then, of course, refer the whole matter to your father," he interposed, as she hesitated. "And I asked you at the time, when I was induced to confess what many men would only imply. I asked

you whether you would be content with this half engagement, did I not?"

She bowed her head.

"Very well; you gave your answer in the affirmative. I suppose you miscalculated your own strength, or else you thought I was not in earnest in my conditions," he said, bitterly.

"Reginald, do you not try me too severely?" she said, falteringly.

"Not in my opinion of what a rational and true-hearted woman should be perfectly prepared for," he said, coolly.

"Are you not changed? Are you as true and as loving as ever, Reginald?" she said, looking up quickly at him.

He did, perhaps, avoid her earnest look for a few moments.

"If I am not, it is simply because you are capricious and worry me, Pauline. If you are wise you will make yourself as charming as possible and not chide me by any exacting nonsense," he said, at last.

"It is because—because—I am foolishly, I mean because I think too much of you, Reginald," she sighed; "that ought not to be a fault in your eyes."

"Pauline, dearest, it is not a fault, except when it becomes—just what has made many an unhappy marriage," he said. "A man cannot stand jealousy in either lover or wife. If you wish to be free, say it at once and I will confess I have no right to complain, but do not play fast and loose, for I cannot and will not stand it, even from you, beautiful as you are, my love."

The last words did perhaps more than any other to soften and heal the wound, whether of vanity or love.

Pauline did not draw away the hand that he took at the moment.

And a soft, shy look from her dimmed eyes was sufficient pledge of her resolve.

"You are content, then, Pauline: you do not wish to shake off these loose fetters till the time comes to tighten them," he said, quickly.

"No, no, not if you—I mean if there is no change and you will be good and considerate," she said, in a low tone. "I mean as much as is possible."

It was certainly touching in one so gifted by nature, and as it was presumed by fortune also, to plead thus humbly as it were for what was but a lover-like desertion.

But Reginald only seemed to accept it as a simple right, a condition of the arrangements they had deliberately planned.

"It is all smooth waters, then, once more," he said. "And now for a floral peace offering;" he turned to the flower as he spoke and selected with a rapidity that might have been somewhat suspicious in ordinary cases, some of the bright blossoms and delicate leaves, and then arranged the rest with a true artist's eye in Pauline's favourite flower-glass.

"There, my queen," he said, playfully, bending a knee to present it to her. "If I was a poet I could add something to the value of the pretty, fragile creatures, but I have no such gift."

Pauline took the gracefully arranged glass in her hand.

"I shall keep it, Reginald, as a memento of our renewed compact," she said, softly. "It shall not leave me till—all is finished."

The words were somewhat enigmatical, and not a little curious in their signification to a superstitious ear.

But Reginald was only too glad to escape so easily from the embarrassing dilemma, and with a kiss on the white fingers and a pressure of her extended hand, he sprang from the window and was gone.

But he had not forgotten the separated flowers in the bouquet. He had taken them with him in his flight.

And Pauline, in spite of her recent and eagerly expressed promise, felt another sharp and decidedly jealous pang.

"Will he give them to Viola? Surely he dare not go to her rooms. And she appeared to avoid him. Can she be false?" she murmured, doubtfully, as she ascended the stairs to her own sitting-room.

It was no good omen for the truce just sealed, and the flowers were consigned to the intended treasure receptacle with a comparatively cold and sickening heart.

"Does he love me? Does he love her? Can it be that they are false—false?" she muttered, pacing the room in unutterable agitation.

Then came to her mind the words he had said.

"If I am exacting and jealous now," she murmured, "what should I be as a wife? What should

I feel? Would I not rather see him dead than false, were it so?" she went on, vehemently.

Then she checked herself as if a guilty horror had awakened her.

"No—no—no!" she shivered. "Not so, not so. Heaven forgive me; I did not mean it. Yes, he is right. One cannot tell what might be the end of such indulgence. Why should I not trust and be happy?"

Yet there was a ghastly smile on her young lips and a pallor over the cheeks that told a different tale to the spoken words.

And at length she sank on her couch, and all exhausted with the gust of passion that had shaken her to the very core, sank into a temporary sleep.

It was but for a brief space, but it was sufficient to renovate her young frame, and when she sprang up from her couch the horror had subsided from her brain, the terror from her heart, and she looked on the past almost as a hideous and bygone nightmare.

"Foolish simpleton that I have been thus to risk my all," she exclaimed. "Reginald was right, as usual. It was a mad fit of jealousy that might have cost me dear. It shall not destroy our peace again."

And brushing her disordered hair, and bathing her dimmed eyes with rose water, she prepared to descend to luncheon when the bell rang, with a bright and careless visage that should convey more loudly than words to her lover her perfect contentment and trust of her heart.

Reginald Waldegrave had quietly strolled to the more distant rooms where Viola Devaux's apartments were situated, and patiently surveyed the whole entourage without seeming to have any especial object in his actions and aims, staring at the prospect and the old wing which was the most ancient part of the building.

It was an hour at the least before any one came to diversify the scene and reward his patience, and he was meditating on the prudence of returning and presenting his lovely blooming flowers in a more commonplace way to the youthful recipient for whom they were intended, when a figure altogether new to him came on the scene.

It was that of a young female, of perhaps some twenty-eight or more years, decidedly pleasing in face and figure, and dressed with a scrupulous and jaunty care that added to her natural charms.

Certainly the toilette was most irreproachable, and nothing save the little coquettish apron and apology for a lace cap betrayed that the wearer must be an inhabitant of the dressing-room rather than the saloon.

Reginald needed no second glance. He at once guessed the truth.

"I think I am speaking to the new attendant of Miss Devaux," he said, with a bow quite as graceful, and well nigh as respectful as it would have been to Viola herself.

"Yes; I have accepted the post for the time. I shall see how it may suit me," said the girl, in a kind of piquant saucy style that was irresistibly amusing, had the young man been more at leisure to amuse himself with the aid of the soubrette.

"And no doubt you are quite accomplished in all that belongs to so important a vocation, and too much accustomed yourself to admiration not to be able to appreciate it for others," said Reginald, once more.

Louise laughed.

"That depends on who offers it," she said, saucily. "I certainly should not take the trouble in some cases."

"Would it be too much to convey some flowers for example?" said Mr. Waldegrave.

"Perhaps not if—"

"If there was something to enable you to remember the commission," he returned, quickly placing the nosegay and something else in her hand, which had a ring of metal as it grated against a ring she wore.

It was a small piece of sufficient value to deserve the attention and respect of even the accomplished and fastidious Louise.

But there was a saucy laugh on her lips as she said:

"Do not run away with the idea that I am merely to do anything you commission me, simply for money. It will all depend on whether I find that Miss Viola likes you and will be benefited by your attentions. I consider every maid who knows her duty should study this, and then there can be no harm in her accepting some little trifle for her trouble."

"Certainly, certainly, you might as well wait on your young lady without any wages. I mean salary," he replied, correcting himself as he saw her

lips curl at the word. "And it combines in a very apt way the conscientious and the acquisitive qualities, *Mille, Louise.*"

The girl gave another arch smile.

If not a Frenchwoman she certainly deserved to have been one, so artfully could she assume their whole style and bearing in her coquettish piquancy.

"Then I shall deliver the flowers and say from whom they came, is that your wish?" she asked, as she turned away.

"It will be needless," he replied, "but do not allow them to be returned."

"Trust me," she said, "I am not so awkward. I would certainly not deserve to be maid to a pretty girl like Miss Viola if I were not able to guide her a little better than that. Poor thing, she is but a child after all, Miss Leclerc is quite experienced to her." Reginald bit his lip with half-amused vexation.

"Poor Pauline, that is rather too bad," he thought, as he left the spot; "but there is an exquisite freshness about Viola that is like her emblem flower. Even this girl sees it, though, of course, she is pretty well hackneyed herself before now. Yes, she is a charming little creature, and if she had enough money I might probably make up my mind to go in for her openly—and, then, why, I suppose the old gentleman would go in for a breach of promise or a pocket pistol."

(To be Continued.)

## DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF.

To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person seasick, in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known people to die of cancer in the stomach, when they had no cancer in the stomach or any other mortal disease. A blindfolded man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing he was bleeding to death.

Therefore persons well, to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons should have their minds diverted as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and it is by their faith that they die. As a man thinketh, so is he. If he wills not to die, he can often live in spite of disease; and, if he has little or no attachment to life, he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their minds as well as by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their minds, and the will has much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

## ECCENTRIC CHRISTIAN NAMES.

It becomes positively amusing to study the registers of the time of Charles the First. It had evidently become a point of respectability among certain classes of the community to select for their children the rarest names of Scripture. John, Nicholas, Bartholomew, Thomas, and Peter, though Scriptural, were tabooed; a stain rested on them, as having been in the Calendar during centuries of popish superstition. In fact, the Apostles were turned out for having kept bad company. Many seemed to have rested their claim to thorough knowledge of the Bible upon the rarity of the name they had discovered in its pages.

Thus I find "Ebedmelech Gastrell," whose Christian name only occurs once in the Scriptures (Jer. xxxviii. 8). "Epaphroditus Houghton," "Othniel Haggat," "Apphia Scott," "Tryphena Gode," "Bezaiel Peachie," are cases in point. If a child were styled by a new, quaint, unheard-of title, as a matter of course, it was assumed to be from the Bible. From the appearance of such a name as "Michellaliell," I fancy tricks of this kind were common.

A further stage of eccentricity was reached when it became fashionable to emphasise the doctrine of original sin by affixing to the new-born child a Scriptural name of ill-repute. The reader can have no conception how far this was carried. In the street Dinahs and Absalons walked hand-in-hand to school; Ananias and Sapphiras grovelled in the courts and alleys, and Cains took Abele to pluck flowers in the rural lanes and meadows, without thoughts of fratricide. Archbishop Leighton, son of a much-persecuted Presbyterian minister, had a sister Sapphira.

The same of eccentricity was reached in the case of Milecom Groat, whose Christian (!) name was "The Abomination-of-the-Children-of-Ammon." It may be seen in State Papers (Domestic) I am furnishing all these names haphazard from my note-books. In the dame's school the twelve patriarchs could all have answered to their names through their little red-checked representatives who lined the walls, unless, maybe, Simeon or Reuben stood on a separate seat with the dunce's cap on.

But the strangest freak of all is still to be recorded. We have all heard of Praise-God Barebones. Hume, in his "History of England," asserts that his brother bore the long name of "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-these-thou-hadst-been-condemned Barebones." What the historian adds to this I will not repeat, for fear of seeming irreverent. Many have supposed this to have been a case of mere exceptional eccentricity. Nothing of the kind; it was quite a common custom for a man or woman after conversion to reject with horror the pagan name of "Harry" or "Dick," which their god-parents had imposed upon them, and be known henceforth as "Replenish," or "Increase," or "Abstinence," or "Lovewell."

Of course, if they married after this, they spared their children the necessity of any such alteration by furnishing them with personal appellations of this character at the onset.

## MEN AND WOMEN.

WHAT is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to those who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to stand at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Surely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, and their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry.

And the men lose their peevish, rude, declamatory and sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. The asperities are rubbed off, the better materials are polished and brightened, and their richness, like the gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of men's characters are hidden, like character and armour of a giant, by studs and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted for actual warfare.

## PLOUGHING TABLE.

As a matter of interest we print the following table, which indicates the distance travelled by a horse in ploughing an acre:

Breadth of furrow slice.	Space travelled in ploughing an acre.
7 inches.	141-2 miles.
8 "	131-4 "
9 "	121-6 "
10 "	111-8 "
11 "	101-10 "
12 "	91-12 "
13 "	81-4 "
14 "	71-6 "
15 "	61-8 "
16 "	51-10 "
17 "	41-12 "
18 "	31-14 "
19 "	21-16 "
20 "	11-18 "
21 "	1-20 "
22 "	1-22 "
23 "	1-24 "
24 "	1-26 "

From this table can be seen the gain in the labour account with a crop which comes from the use of a broad furrow in ploughing. If we call sixteen miles a day, the day's work for the horses, we plough but 11-2 acres a day by making a 9 inch furrow; nearly 2 acres by making a 12 inch furrow; and when a gang plough is used, which ploughs a 24 inch furrow, the acreage is increased to nearly 4. The use of an improved plough, which turns a broad furrow and pulverises, is, therefore, an economy on land suited to its use, and there is great gain from the use of a gang plough under circumstances where it is applicable.

## MORAL MEDICINE.

DRUGGERY is not the only physic. There are means of curing disease and averting sickness, quite as efficient as any pill or potion ever sold over the apothecary's counter. The medicine of the mind is as powerful for life and death as the flash of the lightning, or the bullet of the carbine. The thunder-bolt kills instantly; so may a mental emotion. There are slow poisons which eat out the life, piece-meal, in the agonies of years; and many an unrevealed sorrow has there been, to waste away its victim in



the tedious progress of weary weeks and months of grief.

There is no stimulant more full of health than a hearty laugh. There is not a tonic in all creation which gives such perennial vigour as that of a conscience void of offence towards the Creator and man. Better than any balm of ancient Gilead are the reflections of a well-spent life; of a conscious integrity of purpose pervading every business transaction from early joyous youth to a genial old age.

Let the reader then feel that he "is wanted" to do somewhat towards raising humanity from its low estate to greater heights, and that without his aid, the grand work will be proportionally retarded. Let him be admonished in his progress down the river of time, lest he be unconsciously "drifting" upon sunken shoals or more treacherous quicksands. Let him feel that there is no moth known on earth, which so effectually eats out all that is noble and generous, and manly in the heart, as the "greed of gold."

Thus let his eye run from article to article, and see if in the practice of them there is not an enduring virtue beyond that of the pebble and spatula; more subtle and life-inspiring than Chemistry ever claimed.

### INDIAN MUSIC.

INDIAN music rarely pleases European ears. The beauty of Hindu music is said to consist in the intervals—breaks or *arut*—between each note. The scale has three octaves of seven notes with twenty-two different kinds of *arut* to each note, but this scale has been reduced to two and a-half octaves to suit the compass of the human voice. There are three modulations in the voice—the *mandra* or chest voice, the *madhya* or throat voice, and the *tara* or brain and nose voice. Of the seven notes, the first *sa*, was imitated from the cry of a calf, *ri* from the bellowing of an ox, *ga* from the bleating of a goat, *ma* from the howling of a jackal, *pa* from the piping of a blackbird, *dha* from the croaking of a frog, and *ni* from the noise of an elephant. To express the notation only one line is used with the initials of these notes and other signs, and harmony is not regarded, as the whole character of Hindu music is that of melody. There are six *ragas*, songs to be sung at certain seasons and expressing various feelings—such as love, fear, anger, &c. An aggregate of *arutis* is termed a *swara* or musical sound, "exercising a calm and soothing influence on the air."

### WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

THE time was when there was not the smallest difficulty in answering the question. If asked, "Is he a gentleman?" you had only to find out who was his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, what were his quarters, and last of all, if he had any coat-of-arms at all. In other words the inquiry confined itself strictly to the investigation whether he was descended from people who wore chain-armour when chain-armour was still worn. Supposing him to be so born, he might be a scoundrel, a sot, a boor, a person not fit for anyone with a due sense of self-respect to consort with; but, for all that, he was a gentleman. On the contrary, if he were an accomplished scholar, a man of great parts, of finished manners, of excellent address, of gentle heart, yet, if he were the son of a yeoman, or a burgher, he was not a gentleman. Put thus nakedly, but faithfully, the distinction may seem to some people to have been the most artificial, unjust and monstrous conceivable.

But, if we look at the matter more closely, and blinded by no modern prejudices, we shall find that, roughly speaking, the theory corresponded with the fact, and that while the descendants of gentlemen were generally, and almost always, gentlemen, the sons of traders as yet, as a rule, and almost always, are not.

The theory, therefore, we say, represented a fact. Country gentlemen and their sons were gentlemen, according, at least, to the standard of those who decided who were and were not gentlemen, while the reverse could be predicated of traders and traders' sons. We have changed all that, no doubt. There are bankers and merchants who are as perfect specimens of gentlemanliness, in the most strictly conventional sense of the word, as anyone may wish to see. But this fortunate improvement and innovation has certainly made it a much more difficult matter to decide who is, and is not, a gentleman.

There are some persons who would yet confine the test to birth, but that has gone irretrievably; and it is gone precisely because it has ceased to be a test that can be relied upon. In reality the test always was one of manner; but it so happened, that only those persons had the manner who had something else more definite and tangible. The test is still one of manner; but as it is now one of manner only, and is no longer coupled with a more material test, it is naturally more shifting, and not quite so easy to apply. We suspect, however, that the old qualifications will be found to hold good, with little or no change.

Why does every traveller feel that an Arab is a gentleman, or that a Turk is a gentleman? Because both the Turk and the Arab manifest perfect self-possession, without a touch of self-assertion, have an air of command devoid of arrogance, are tranquil amid riot, and composed amid difficulty and disturbance. These qualities seem to us to spring from habits of command, and from an inherent sense of superiority, and the observation will apply with equal force to English gentlemen. A gentleman is a gentleman, and there's an end on't. He does not want to be anybody else, because he does not recognise any superior, save of the titular or disciplinary sort.

Your vulgar person, or even your person who, without being vulgar is not a gentleman, is conscious of his inferiority, and periodically labours to conceal or cloud it. There is no concealing it, and the attempt only exposes the fact more glaringly to view. This sort of person, too, is not calm, not self-possessed; he is fussy, solicitous, domineered by circumstances, instead of quietly settling down to a level with them. This by no means implies that a gentleman must not cope with circumstances, when they are important enough to demand the exercise of his energies. But when he comes out of the battle, or the senate, or the hunting-field, no matter what he has gone through, he is composed and quiet once more. He never swaggers; he never makes unnecessary apologies or explanations. He takes things as he finds them.

Now and then, no doubt, the idiosyncrasies of genius will lend an exceptional fervour to the manner of a gentleman; and Lady Blessington was so unaware of this, that she expressed herself surprised that Byron's manner in conversation was not as quiet as she would have expected from a person of his rank. The observation was at once stupid and snobbish. There is no cut-and-dry receipt for a gentleman; but he is as unmistakable to those who know one, as the colour of a flower, or the scent of a leaf.

## THE FORREST HOUSE; - OR - EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

THE "St James" was full that season, and when Mrs. J. E. Forrest arrived with her maid and three trunks, she found every room occupied or engaged, and was compelled to take lodgings at a house across the Park, where guests from the hotel were sometimes accommodated with rooms, and where in addition to her own parlour and bedroom she found a large spare chamber which she asked the mistress of the house to reserve for a few days at least, as she was expecting an old friend of hers and her husband's, and would like to have him near her, inasmuch as Mr. Forrest was not able to come with her on account of his business.

Later in the season he might join her, but now he was so busy. She laid great stress upon having a husband, and she was so gracious, and affable, and pretty, that her landlady, Mrs. Morris, who was herself a lady, was charmed with her at once, and declared she had no person in her house whom she liked so much since Miss Belknap was there.

For Josephine had stumbled upon the very rooms where Beatrice had lived, and where poor Mollie Morton had died, and it gave her caste at once that she knew Miss Belknap and Mrs. Julia Hayden, and was in fact from the same place as the former, who was paraded before Mrs. Morris as an intimate friend and distant relative of her husband's.

So Mrs. Morris endorsed the beautiful woman who attracted so much attention in the street whenever

she went to the hotel for her meals, and who at the hotel took everything by storm.

She had laid aside her mourning, and blossomed out in a most exquisite suite of navy-blue silk and velvet, which, although made in Paris more than a year before, was still a little in advance of the fashions, and was commented upon and admired by every lady in the hotel, and patterns of the pocket, and cuffs, and overskirt were mentally taken and experimented upon in the ladies' rooms, where the grace, and beauty, and probable antecedents of the stranger were freely discussed.

Nobody had ever heard of Mrs. J. E. Forrest, and few had heard of Rothsay, but there were some at the "St. James" this winter, who remembered Miss Belknap and the lady who died, and when it was known that Mrs. Forrest was her friend, the matter was settled, and Josephine came at once the belle and beauty of the place.

Young men stationed their eyes near the door through which she came in to the hall to look at her as she passed, but if she was conscious of their homage she made no sign, and never seemed to know how much attention she was attracting.

One or two ladies spoke to her at last as she stopped for a while in the parlour, and so her acquaintance began, and Miss Belknap was brought to the surface again, and Mr. Forrest, who was so sorry not to come with her, but who wished that she must have a change of air before the trouble in her throat became a permanent thing, and a very gentle little hack was produced by way of showing that it was the throat which had sent this dainty, delicate creature away from her husband, with no other guardianship than that of her sister.

But Anne's presence was sufficient to save appearances. She was so much older, and seemed so quiet and reserved, and even shy, that the ladies made no advances to her, and after a little scarcely noticed her as she sat apart from them waiting patiently till her brilliant sister was ready to go home.

Josephine was expecting a friend, a gentleman, whom she had known ever since she was a young girl, she said, the fourth day after her arrival, and the ladies were glad for her as it would be much pleasanter to have a man in her party in her husband's absence.

"If it were only Ned who was coming I should be so glad," Josephine said, with a drooping of her long eye-lashes and a quaver in her voice which made every gentleman who heard her envy Ned, the possessor of this divinity, who, after her return to her lodgings, took out and read a second time, not Ned's letter, but Dr. Matthewson's received the day before.

Since parting from Josephine in Dresden, more than a year before, the doctor had visited nearly every city of note, sometimes living like a millionaire and sometimes like a beggar.

The millionaire life suited him the best, but how to secure it as a permanency or even to secure a comfortable living which required neither exertion nor self-denial, was something which puzzled him sorely, until he received a letter from Josephine which inspired him at once with fresh courage and hope.

The letter, which was written from the Forrest House, was a long, long time in reaching him, for it followed him from place to place, and found him at last at Moscow, where his genius of bad luck was in the ascendant, and he had fallen into the toils of a set of sharpers, who were using him for their own purposes.

Handsome in face and form, winning in his manner, and perfectly familiar with nearly every language spoken on the Continent, he was very useful to them by way of bringing under their influence strangers who visited the city, and they kept a hold upon him which he could not well shake off.

When he received Josephine's letter telling him where she was, and the disposition Judge Forrest had made of his property, and Rosamond's determination not to use more of it than was absolutely necessary, but to restore it to Everard when she came of age, he made up his mind to leave Moscow at all hazards, and, crossing the sea, seek out the sister in whom he suddenly found himself greatly interested.

And to this end fortune favoured him at last by sending in his way a German Jew—Van Schaaster—between whom and himself there sprang up a friendship which finally resulted in the Jew's loaning him money enough to escape from the city which had been in one sense a prison to him.

Van Schaaster was his companion-du-voyage, and as both were gamblers they made straight for Vienna, where Matthewson's luck came back to him, and he won so rapidly and largely that Van

Schaaster, who was tinged with German superstition, regarded him as one whom the god of the gaming-table especially favoured, and clung to him and made much of him, and when a malarial fever attacked him, took him to his brother's, a Dr. Van Schaaster, who kept what he called a private-maison-de-santé, in an obscure Austrian town, half-way between Vienna and Lutz.

And here Dr. Matthewson paid the penalty of his dissipated life in a fit of sickness which lasted for months, and left him weak and feeble as a child. During all this time he did not hear from Josephine, whose letters never reached him, and he knew nothing of her until he reached Liverpool, when he wrote at once to her at Rothsay, asking very particularly for Rosamond, announcing his intention of visiting the Forrest House if agreeable to its inmates.

To this letter Josephine replied immediately, telling him not on any account to come to Rothsay, but to join her at the hotel about the middle of December, when she would tell him everything which had happened to her since their last meeting in Dresden.

In a postscript, she added:

"Miss Hastings is not here, and has not been since last January. She is somebody's governess, I believe."

And it was this postscript which interested the doctor more than the whole of Josephine's letter, gushing and even affectionate though it was.

If Rosamond were not in Rothsay, then where was she, and how should he find her? for find her he must, and must play the rôle of the loving brother, which rôle would be all the more effective, he thought, because of the air of invalidism there was about him now, and which sat well upon him.

He really was weak from his recent illness, but he affected more languor than he felt, and seemed quite tired and exhausted when he reached the house where Josephine was stopping, and where his room was in readiness for him, and Josephine cooed and fluttered about him, and was glad to see him, and so anxious that he should have every possible attention.

"He and Mr. Forrest are such friends, and he is such a good man that I must do all I can for him," she said to Mrs. Morris, who, dazzled and bewildered by the beautiful woman whom everybody was praising, saw no harm in the attentions amounting almost to caresses which were lavished so freely upon the invalid.

And Dr. Matthewson enjoyed it all to the full, and was never tired of hearing of the Forrest House, or of asking questions about Rosamond, and if it were really true that she refused to use the money for herself, and was resolved to give it back to Everard when she was twenty-one. But never by a word did he hint of the relationship existing between himself and Rosamond, of whom Josephine at last affected to be jealous.

"You have done nothing but talk of Miss Hastings ever since you came, and I do believe you have some designs on her. Why don't you show some interest in my lord and master?" she said, with a pretty show of anger, and the doctor replied:

"Your lord and master does not interest me and Miss Hastings does. I'd like to see the girl. Is she pretty?"

"So-so," and Josephine gave a very significant shrug. "No style, though, whatever, and such big shoes! Why, I could get both my feet in one of them, I'll bet," and she put up her little rosetted slipper for the inspection of the doctor, who went on leisurely puffing his cigar in her face, and said something complimentary of her instep and ankle, as she meant he should.

A man of Dr. Matthewson's appearance and manner could not fail to attract attention, and he was soon almost as much noticed and commented on as Josephine herself, and at last some of the more cautious and sensible people began to whisper to each other that his attentions to Mrs. Forrest were not exactly such as their husbands would like to see paid them.

They were always together, walking, or driving, or rowing on the river, or playing croquet, or sitting in Josephine's parlour, where Agnes was supposed to be the sheep-dog on guard to save appearances.

But Agnes was very little with them. It had been intimated to her that her society was not necessary, and so she kept mostly in her sleeping-room, and left the two to themselves, or if she was with them they talked together in the German language, which Josephine understood tolerably well.

And so the days went on until the first week in January, when, one morning as the doctor and Josephine sat together at one end of the long piazza

of the hotel, a carriage from the boat arrived, laden with trunks, and children, and two ladies, one middle-aged, and apparently the mother of the children, the other young, graceful, and pretty, even in her soiled travelling-dress of dark grey serge.

As she threw back her veil and descended from the carriage, Josephine started suddenly, and exclaimed:

"Rosamond Hastings, for all the world! What brought her here?"

"Who? Where? Do you mean that girl with the blue veil and grey dress, and—by Jove, those magnificent eyes?" Dr. Matthewson said, as Rosamond turned her face in the direction where he was sitting, and glanced rapidly at the groups of people upon the piazza, without, however, seeing anyone distinctly.

"Yes, I mean the girl with the big black eyes and dirty grey dress," Josephine answered, a little petulantly, while a pang of jealousy shot through her heart, born of the doctor's evident admiration of Rosamond's eyes, which she owed to herself had never looked so bright and beautiful as during the moment she stood upon the steps while Mrs. Andrews arranged with the porter about the baggage.

Mingled with her jealousy was another feeling, too, of annoyance at the arrival of one who knew all about her, and might work her so much harm.

"I'll see her at once and make the matter right," she thought. "I can mould her easily, I think," and trusting to Rosamond's good nature and her ingenuity, she resumed her conversation with the doctor, who seemed unusually silent and absent-minded, and after a little excused himself to her, saying he was not feeling quite well, and believed he'd take a sail on the river, and see if the fresh air would not revive him.

Usually Josephine had been his companion in his sails on the river, and had managed her end of the boat with the utmost skill, but he did not ask her to go with him now. He preferred to be alone, and with a gracious bow he walked away, not so much to try the river air as to think over and perfect his plans for the future.

"By George!" he said to himself. "This is what I call luck. Here I've been wondering how I should find the girl, and behold she has dropped suddenly upon me, and if I play my cards well the game is mine, and her money too, or my name is not Matthewson, nor Hastings, nor villain of the first water."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

ROSAMOND's life as a governess had been a very happy one, for Mrs. Andrews, who was a most estimable person, had always treated her more as a daughter and equal than a hired teacher, while the children idolised Miss Rose, as they called her, and were never so happy as when with her, listening to the peculiarly pleasant way she had of imparting instruction to them.

And still there was always present in Rosamond's mind a consciousness of pain and loss—a keen regret and intense longing for the "might have been," and a great pity for Everard, whose lot she knew was so much harder to bear than her own, and who suffered more than she did, for with him the burden was growing heavier, and the chain ever lengthening, which bound him to his fate.

He had written to her frequently during the past year, friendly, brotherly letters most of them, such as Josephine might have read without just cause of complaint.

But he had given way once, and in a moment when his sky was very dark had poured out his soul in passionate, burning words, telling how dreary life was to him without her, and asking if she could not bring herself to think that the divorce he could so easily get was valid, and would free him from the hateful tie which bound him.

And Rosamond had answered him: "Only I can free you from the bond," and had said he must never write like that to her again if he wished her to answer him; and so the last hope was crushed, and Everard took up his load once more, and tried to bear it more manfully, and by a closer attention to his practice to forget the bliss which might have been his had he not rashly thrown the chance away.

Still Rosamond was always in his mind, either as the little honest-hearted child who used to take such motherly care of him, and stand between him and his father's frequent displeasure, or as the sweet-faced girl who had grown so into his heart that, try as he might and reason as he might upon the sin there was in it, he could not cast her out, and would not if he could.

She had said to him in her letter: "Pray, Everard,

as I do; pray often, that you may get over it and learn to think of me as only your sister, the little Rosamond who was nothing to you but a child who amused you and whom you liked to tease."

But Everard did not pray, or want to, either. On the contrary, he was in a most resentful and rebellious frame of mind, and blamed the Providence which had permitted him to go so far astray. It is well enough for women to pray, and those who had never been tried or tempted as he had been, but for himself he saw no justice in his dealings with him, and he could not ask to be content with what he loathed from his very soul, he wrote in reply to Rosamond, who, while he grew harsher and more reckless under his discipline, was rapidly developing into a character sweeter and lower than anything Everard had known.

And the new life and principle within her showed itself upon her face, which was like the face of Murillo's sweetest Madonnas, where the earthly love blends so harmoniously with the divine and gives a glorious and saintly expression to the lovely countenance.

But Rosamond's health had suffered from this constant sense of pain and loss. The bright colour was gone from her cheeks, save as it came and went with fatigue or excitement, and there was about her a frail, delicate look, wholly unlike the child Rosamond, who used to be so full of life and vigour in the old happy days at the Forrest House.

Still she complained of nothing but being tired all the time, but this of itself was, in Mrs. Andrews' mind, a sufficiently alarming symptom, and it was as much on Rosamond's account as on her own that she planned the trip, where she hoped the warm sunlight would bring strength again to the girl whom she loved almost as a daughter.

And so they were there at the "St. James," where Mrs. Andrews found several acquaintances the first day, but Rosamond saw no one whom she knew, and as she had a severe headache as the result of the tiresome journey, she kept her room, and did not appear below until the second day, when about ten o'clock she dressed herself and went down to join Mrs. Andrews on the piazza, where the guests usually congregated in the morning.

There was a crowd of them there now, gathered together in knots, and Mrs. Andrews, who was very popular and entertaining, was already the centre of a group of friends with whom she was talking, when Rosamond appeared, becomingly arrayed in a pale buff cambrie wrapper, which increased the delicacy of her complexion and her eyes, which shone like stars, as, a little embarrassed at the gaze of so many strangers, she made her way to Mrs. Andrews.

Everybody turned to look after her, and none more eagerly than Dr. Matthewson, who stood by himself leaning against the railing, and waiting for Josephine to join him. He had watched for Rosamond all the preceding day after her arrival, and felt greatly disappointed at her non-appearance.

To make sure at last that it was really she, he had consulted the book, and found registered there the name, Miss Rosamond Hastings, and knew there was no mistake in the person.

She was there, his half-sister, and the heiress to thousands, and, as he believed, of a nature which he could mould as he would lay.

If he could only know just what her tastes were, and adapt himself to them.

As yet he had been quite non-committal, only devoting himself to Josephine, and talking very little with anyone, so that he could, if necessary, become a saint or a sinner, and not seem inconsistent.

Probably he would have to be saint, he thought; and when at last Rosamond appeared, and he saw her as she passed so near to him that he might have touched her, he was quite sure of it.

Girls with the expression in their faces which hers wore didn't believe in slang and profanity, and the many vices to which he was addicted, and of which Josephine made so light.

Joie was pure and innocent and guileless as a little child, and must never see the black catalogue of sins at which he sometimes dared not look.

How fair and lovely she was, with that sweet modesty of demeanour which never could have been feigned for the occasion; and how eagerly the doctor watched her as she joined Mrs. Andrews, and was introduced to the ladies around her.

"By George!" he thought, "Joie will have to look to her laurels now. I've seen nothing like this girl in many a day. Not as handsome, perhaps, as Joie, if it comes to that; or as stylishly gotten up; but she shows that she is real, and those eyes would shine anybody down."

"Good-morning, sir. A penny for your thoughts," was cooed in his ear, and turning, he met Josephine's blue eyes uplifted to him, and Josephine herself stood there in her prettiest white wrapper, with an older blossom in her golden hair.



She, too, had watched anxiously for Rosamond, whose car she meant to secure before any mischief could be done, and she saw her now at once in the distance, and felt a thrill of anger and chagrin as she recognised a rival who even without the aid of art and Paris finery might "shine her down" by her perfect grace and simplicity of manner.

She saw the doctor was looking in that direction, and knew before she asked him of what he was thinking.

But a slight frown darkened her face at his frank reply:

"I am thinking how very pretty and attractive that Miss Hastings is. I am so disappointed in her. You must manage to introduce me as soon as possible, or I shall introduce myself."

"Struck! smitten! done for at last," Josephine said; "and I do not know that I blame you, for she is very pretty, and looks so different from what she did last winter. She is greatly improved."

But while she said this Josephine felt that she hated the girl who just then turned her face fully toward her and looked up so that their eyes met in recognition. There was a violent start on Rosalie's part, and the blood flamed into her cheeks for an instant and then left them ashy pale, as she saw the woman for whom she could not have much respect smiling so brightly upon her and advancing to meet her as quickly and gladly as if they were the fastest friends.

"Oh, Miss Hastings!" she said, in her most flute-like tones, as she advanced with outstretched hands to greet her. "This is a surprise. I am so glad to see you. When did you come?"

Rosalie explained when she came and with whom, and after a few brief remarks on the town and the climate, made as if she would return to Mrs. Andrews, but now was Josephine's opportunity or never, and still holding Rosalie's hand, which she had not relinquished, she said:

"Come with me a moment, please; there are so many things I want to say. Suppose we take a little turn on the piazza," and leading Rosalie around the corner of the hotel to a seat where no one was sitting, she plunged at once into the subject uppermost in her mind.

"Miss Hastings," she said, "you alone of all the people here know just how I am living with Everard, or, rather, not living with him. It was not necessary for me to explain everything, and for aught they know to the contrary, I have the most devoted of husbands, who may join me any day. You, of course, can undecieve them if you like, but—"

"Mrs. Forrest," Rosalie exclaimed, as her face flushed painfully, "I have no wish to undecieve them, or injure you. If I am asked straightforward questions I must tell the truth; otherwise I have nothing to say of your life at home, or of anything in the past pertaining to you and Everard."

"Thank you so much. I know I could trust you," Josephine said, feeling immensely relieved. "And now come, let me present you to a friend whom I used to know in Holburton, and met afterwards in Dresden. He is here for his health, and is kind to Aggie and me. You must come in my room and see Agnes. She never stops a moment here after she has her meals."

She talked rapidly and excitedly and laid her hand on Rosalie's arm as if to lead her to Dr. Matthewson, who forestalled the intention by suddenly appearing before them.

He was more impatient to speak to Rosamond than Josephine was to have him, and joined them for than very purpose.

Never in his life had he seemed more at his ease or appeared to better advantage, and there was something very winning and gracious in his manner as he bowed to Miss Hastings and hoped she found herself well in the delicious air.

"You do not look very strong," he said. "I hope a few days of this sunshine will do you much good." He was very kind and considerate and bade her be seated again, and not stand while he talked with her a few moments on indifferent topics.

Then consulting his watch, he said to Josephine:

"Mrs. Forrest, don't you think we should have that game of croquet before the day gets hotter? You see they are beginning to occupy the grounds already," and he nodded toward the opposite side of the park, where a group of young ladies and gentlemen were knocking about the balls preparatory to a game.

"To-morrow we shall ask you to join us," he said to Rosalie, "but as a physician I advise you to rest to-day after your long journey. Coming suddenly into this climate is apt to debilitate if one is not careful. Good-morning, Miss Hastings."

And with a graceful wave of his hand he walked away with Josephine, leaving Rosamond to look

after and admire his splendid physique and manly form and to think what a pleasant, gentlemanly person he was, with such a melodious voice.

Already he was beginning to affect and influence her thoughts, and she sat and watched him as he walked very slowly toward the croquet-ground, where, instead of joining in the game as he was asked to do at once, for his skill was marvellous, and everybody wanted him upon his side, he sat down at some little distance from them, and continued his conversation with Josephine, whose cheeks were flushed and who seemed unusually excited.

The doctor's first remark to her as they left the hotel had been:

"Well, Joe, did you settle it all right with her?"

"Settle what?" Josephine asked, knowing perfectly well what he meant, but being determined that he should explain.

"Why, have you hired her not to peach—not to go back on you—and tell that you are a retired widow instead of a loving wife, whose husband is pining in her absence, longing for her society?"

The elegant doctor could be very coarse and unfeeling when he talked with Josephine, whom he understood so well, and who replied:

"If you mean will she hold her tongue about my affairs, she will, and she does not even suppose that you know Everard, much less that you are the 'priest all shaven and shorn, who married the youth all tattered and torn to the maiden all forlorn.' I did not think it necessary to tell her that. Possibly, though, she may have heard your name from Everard; I do not know how that may be. I only told her that I knew you in Holburton, and that I met you again in Dresden."

"Yes; the doctor smoothed his moustache thoughtfully a moment, and then added: "I say, Joe, don't be in such a hurry to get to the croquet. I want to talk with you. I've turned a new leaf. I've reformed. I am going to be as open and frank as daylight hereafter. That time I was so sick in Australia I repented. I did, upon my soul, and said a bit of a prayer—in Dutch—and I believe I'll join the church again, but first I'll confess to you, who I know will be as lenient toward me as most anyone. I suppose you think you know all about me; that is, know just what and who I am?"

"Yes, I think I do," was Josephine's reply, and he continued:

"What is your real opinion of me, any way? Be honest for once, and say out what you think."

"Well, then," she replied, "I think you just about as good and just about as bad as I am; there's but little to choose between us. Are you satisfied with that?"

"Why, yes, I ought to be. You surely judge righteous judgment to put me with yourself, but I honestly believe I am worse than you; yes, a great deal worse. I am a hypocrite, a rascal, a gambler, and have broken every Commandment, I do believe, except 'thou shalt not kill,' and under great provocation I might do that, perhaps, and, added to all this I am Rosalie Hastings' half-brother, the son of her father."

"Rosalie Hastings' brother? What do you mean?" Josephine asked, in great surprise; but they had reached the croquet ground by this time, and the doctor was obliged to decline the many invitations he had to play.

"Not this time," he said. "It is pretty warm this morning, and I am tired; go on with the game and I will sit over there and watch it."

So saying, he sat down with Josephine under one of the shade trees, apart from the players, where he could continue the conversation without much interruption.

"Do you really mean you are Rosamond's brother? and did you know it when you first came to Holburton, and why isn't your name Hastings, then?" Josephine asked, excitedly, and he replied, in the most quiet and composed manner:

"One question at the time, my dear. I am her brother, and my name was Hastings once—John Matthewson Hastings. I took the Matthewson and dropped the Hastings to please a relative, who left me a few thousands at his death. I did know Rosalie was my sister when I first met Everard Forrest in Holburton, and to that knowledge you owe your present exalted position as his wife."

She turned her eyes inquiringly upon him, and he continued:

"I told you I was going to make a clean breast of my sins, and I am, so far as your business is concerned; but let me tell you first that were it to do over again, I should act differently. Joe, there is no use mincing the matter. I may as well say out what's in my mind. With all your faults—and they are legion—I love you still, and if I had the means I'd make you get a divorce from the man who detests

you—you see I am putting it plain and strong—and marry you myself. I don't suppose you'd go with me on any other terms—to Italy, or somewhere, where they do such things with impunity."

"Dr. Matthewson!" Josephine exclaimed, as she started away from him. "What do you take me for? I am bad enough, I know, but not like that, and if you ever hint such a thing to me again—I'll—"

"Oh, never mind telling me what you'd do," the doctor said, laughing. "I didn't think such a thing, nor hint such a thing. I know you pretty well and know that on a spree you'll go all lengths and let a fellow say things at which Rosalie Hastings would faint, but when it comes to going off with a man who is not your lawful husband, and cannot be, you are as virtuous add as rigid as a mill-stone. I don't expect you to go to Italy with me, or anywhere else, but you shall hear how I came to marry you to that young man. I hated him and the whole Forrest race, and that was my revenge."

"Hated Everard. For what? Had you seen him before you met him in Holburton?" Josephine said, and he replied:

"Yes, I had seen him, and I carried the marks of our meeting for weeks and weeks on my forehead, and the remembrance of it in my heart always. I had a step-mother—a weak young thing whom I hated from the first, for no special reason that I now recall, except that she was a step-mother and I thought I must hate her, and I did and worried her life almost out of her, and when a baby sister was born I hated that, because it was hers, and because it would naturally share in my father's property, which was not large. The new mother was luxurious in her tastes, and spent a great deal, and that made a trouble between her and my father, who, though a very elegant man in public, was the very old Nick at home, and lead his young wife such a life that even I pitied her sometimes, and did not wonder that she left him at last, and took refuge with her intimate friend, Mrs. Forrest, Everard's mother."

"Not long after she left home my father died, and I was made very angry because of some money he left to the child Rosalie, which I thought ought to be mine, inasmuch as it came to him from my mother. So I persecuted my mother-in-law, who, I believe, was more afraid of me than of the old Harry himself."

"I went to the Forrest House, and demanded first to see her, and then to my sister, pretending I was going to take her away. The boy Everard was at home, had just come in from riding, and he ordered me from the house, and when I refused to go the stripling actually cowed me, and laid the blows on well, too, especially the one on my face, the mark of which I carried so long."

"I swore I'd have revenge on him, and I kept my word, though at one time I gave up the idea entirely. That was at the camp meeting, where a lot of them converted me, or thought they did, and for a spell I felt different, and got a license to preach, and tried to be good, but the seed was sown on stony ground and came to nothing, and I took seven spirits worse than the first, and backslid, and quit the ministry, and went to studying physic, and was called doctor, and roamed the world over, sometimes with plenty of money, sometimes with none, and drifted at last to Holburton, where you asked me to be the priest in the play, and marry you to Everard Forrest."

"You probably do not remember how closely I questioned you about the young man. I wished to be certain with regard to his identity, and I was after talking with him about his home in Rothsay. He told me of Rosalie, and idiot that he was, boasted of the whipping he had given her brother, whose vengeance he did not fear. He was young, not yet through college."

"His father was rich and proud as Lucifer, and would hardly think a princess good enough to marry his only son, much less you, the daughter of his landlady. Hold on now, don't flare up," he continued, as Josephine turned angrily towards him. "I mean no disrespect to you, but you know the world as well as I do, and know that men like Judge Forrest do not consider girls like you fitting matches for their sons."

"I think I've had ample proof of that," Josephine said, and the doctor went on:

(To be Continued)

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught's name has to be included in the list of military inventors. His Royal Highness has submitted more than one of his ideas for the consideration of the Horse Guards, but has not yet succeeded in getting his articles put upon trial.



[MR. LAYARD, THE GREAT ASSYRIAN TRAVELLER AND ENGLISH AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.]

## MR. AUSTEN H. LAYARD.

MR. LAYARD, now the British Ambassador in Turkey, has attained distinction in Parliament as a diplomatist, and as the great discoverer of Ninevite and Assyrian remains. These antiquarian treasures are familiar to visitors at the British Museum. He is the eldest son of H. P. J. Layard, Esq., of the civil service in Ceylon, whose father, the Rev. Dr. Layard, widely known and esteemed as the learned and accomplished Dean of Bristol, claimed descent from an ancient and noble family in France, who emigrated through the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. That oppressive and for France most stupid measure (occurring under Louis the Fourteenth, in 1685) drove from the country a large section of its most thoughtful and industrious people, and founded in England the well-known silk manufacture as at Spitalfields.

Austen Henry Layard was born March 8, 1817, in Paris, during the temporary stay of his parents in that capital. Having passed a large portion of his youth at Florence, where he was early possessed with a taste for literature and the fine arts, he came to England with the intention of following the law, but soon abandoned the idea, and in 1839 set out on a tour through Germany and Russia to Constantinople and Asia Minor. Having spent some time in the East, during which he adopted the dress and manners of the countries in which he lived, he acquired a perfect knowledge of the Turkish and Arabic languages. In 1841 he forwarded to the Geographical Society a diary of his journey from Constantinople to Aleppo, which has never been published; the eleventh volume of the Proceedings of that Society, however, contains an account of a journey performed

by him in 1840 in company with Mr. Ainsworth. While travelling in Persia he made several discoveries, among which must be mentioned the tomb of the Hebrew prophet Daniel at Susa.

In 1842 and the following year he remained in Kurdistan, an interesting account of which country he sent to the Geographical Society. Fired with the ardent zeal of a discoverer, he resolved to penetrate the regions of ancient Assyria and Babylonia. Under sanction of the Turkish Government and aided by Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), the British ambassador, he set about excavating for remains at Nimroud. These excavations were conducted by Mr. Layard in conjunction with M. Botta, the French consul, whose government, unlike our own, was liberal in patronising these important and devoted labours.

Mr. Layard's discoveries were carried on under great discouragements: he had to encounter the superstition of his Arab labourers, and the avarice and caprice of the Pasha or local governor, who under various pretences was continually interrupting his work. But he obtained at length, through the influence of Lord Stratford, a "firman" from the Sultan, authorising him to prosecute his work and to remove the sculptures. As a specimen of his work and experiences we select a striking passage or two from the Narrative of his Second Expedition to Assyria.

"By the 23rd January the colossal lions forming the portal to the great hall in the north-west palace of Nimroud were ready to be dragged to the river bank. The walls and their sculptured panelling had been removed from them, and they stood isolated in the midst of ruins. I rode one calm, cloudless night to the mound to look on them for the last time before they were taken from their old resting-places. The moon was at its full, and as I drew

nigh to the edge of the deep trench in which they stood, her soft light was creeping over the stern features of the human heads, and driving before it the dark shadows which still clothed the lion forms. One by one the limbs of the gigantic sphinxes emerged from the gloom, until the monsters were unveiled before me. I shall never forget that night, or the emotions which those venerable figures caused within me. A few hours more and they were to stand no longer where they had stood for ages unscathed amid the wreck of man and his works. It seemed almost sacrilege to tear them from their old haunts to make them a mere wonder-stock to the busy crowd of a new world. They were better suited to the desolation around them; for they had guarded the place in its glory, and it was for them to watch over it in its ruin. Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman, who had ridden with me to the mound, was troubled with no such reflections. He gazed listlessly at the grim images, wondered at the folly of the Franks, thought the night cold, and turned his mare towards his tents.

"Beyond the ruined palaces a scene scarcely less solemn awaited me. I had sent a party of Jebours to the bitumen springs, outside the walls to the east of the enclosure. The Arabs having lighted a small fire with brushwood, awaited my coming to throw the burning sticks upon the pitchy pools. A thick, heavy smoke rolled upwards in curling volumes, hiding the light of the moon, and spreading wide over the sky. Tongues of flame and jets of gas, driven from the burning pit, shot through the burning canopy. As the fire brightened a thousand fantastic forms of light played amidst the smoke. To break the cindered crust, and to bring fresh slime to the surface, the Arabs threw large stones into the springs; a new volume of fire then burst forth, throwing a deep red glare upon the figures and upon the landscape. The Jebours danced round the burning pools like demons in some midnight orgie, shouting their war-cry, and brandishing their glittering arms. In an hour the bitumen was exhausted for a time (in a few hours the pits are sufficiently filled to take fire again), the dense smoke gradually died away, and the pale light of the moon again shone over the black slime-pits.

"It was necessary to humour and excite the Arabs to induce them to persevere in the arduous work of dragging the cart through the deep soft soil into which it continually sunk. At one time, after many vain efforts to move the buried wheels, it was unanimously declared that Mr. Cooper, the artist, brought ill luck, and no one would work until he retired. The cumbersome machine crept onwards for a few more yards, but again all exertions were fruitless. Then the Frank lady would bring good fortune if she sat on the sculptors. The wheels rolled heavily along, but were soon clogged once more in the yielding soil. An evil eye surely lurked among the workmen or the bystanders. Search was quickly made, and a man having been detected upon whom this curse had alighted, he was ignominiously driven away with shouts and execrations. . . . As a last resource I seized a rope myself, and with shouts of defiance between the different tribes, who were divided into separate parties and pulled against each other, and amidst the deafening tattle of the women, the lion was at length fairly brought to the water's edge."

When he had secured possession of these stupendous remnants of antiquity it was with the greatest difficulty that the British Government were induced to pay the cost of their transmission to England. Eventually, however, they yielded, and as steamers are unable to ascend the Tigris, the sculptured monuments were floated down the river upon rafts formed of inflated skins, as far as Bagdad, where they were placed on board of vessels ready to transport them to England.

By Mr. Layard's exertions the materials of Assyrian history, architectural designs and sculptures of regal places, are placed in our noble national Museum. "The metal fragments sent to England have been skilfully put together, so that the Assyrian King's throne upon which Sennacherib himself sat, and the footstool which he used may now be seen in the Museum." An account of his enterprises will be found in his work, "Nineveh and its Remains," London, 1849, and the narrative of his second expedition "Nineveh and Babylon," of which an admirable abridgment, well illustrated, has been drawn up for popular perusal. It is one of the best books of its kind extant, and affords an endless amount of information and also of amusement. He also prepared a splendid folio series of illustrations of Assyrian monuments as a companion to his works.

Nineveh is held to have been destroyed by Cyaxares in the seventh century before Christ



(625 B.C.) Dr. Layard observes that "Nineveh" had been almost forgotten before history began. The classical authors of antiquity were puzzled by the mighty ruins, for it was destroyed some three centuries at least before Herodotus began his work." While the discoveries of Mr. Layard render important corroboration of sacred and profane writers they have also abundantly established the existence of a mature and elaborate civilisation of its kind anterior to the classical, and the oldest indeed of which the faintest relics survive. The earliest of these ancient sculptures, too, are invariably the most correct and severe in form, the most noble in design, and the most exquisite in finish and execution.

Nineveh was razed to the ground, and Assyria became a Median province 605 B.C. Assyria was subdued by Alexander the Great in 332 B.C.; it subsequently formed part of the kingdoms of Syria, Parthia and Persia, and it was conquered and annexed to the present Turkish Empire in A.D. 1637. The late Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, visited Assyria, studied the inscriptions, and published his most interesting work on "Assyrian Discoveries" in 1875. The Assyrian language has been a part of the course of the Rev. A. H. Sayce, of the University of Oxford, who in 1875 published an Assyrian grammar. It is almost superfluous to remark that the learned men of France have contributed extensively to these important investigations.

At the close of 1843 Mr. Layard returned to Constantinople as attaché to the embassy there, and in the following year resumed his excavations at Nineveh, where he remained until 1851. For a few months in this year he held the office of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Earl Granville, and at the general election of 1852 he was returned to Parliament as Member for Aylesbury.

In February 1856 he was unanimously elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. His address to the students of the Marischal College and University contains among many excellent things the following fine passage:—"Few men have had more occasion than I have had to reflect upon the fall of nations, to seek for the causes of their decay, and to muse over the worthlessness of riches, and the hollowness of worldly pomp. The plains of Babylonia, fretted with their numberless canals, are now choked with sand, and no longer nourishing the thirsty soil; the vast monuments of Assyria, now buried deep in earth, the palaces of the Persian kings, now marked by a few solitary columns and the resting places of wandering tribes, the graceful temples of the Greeks, now hid by the rank grass, the colonial greatness of imperial Rome, its forums and theatres still standing majestically, but now silent, in a desert—what has brought about these mighty changes, to what are we to attribute this havoc? Surely these are no vain questions. History has traced with unwilling pen the decay of public virtue, the dishonesty of statesmen, and the loathsome details of corruption, hurrying states to utter ruin, that nations yet to come might honour public virtue, be jealous of the character of those who guide her counsels and abominate corruption. She has pointed with melancholy earnestness to the tombs of fallen greatness as a warning for all time that the immutable divine laws, which governed both the moral and physical world, cannot be outraged with impunity."

No one, looking to the selfish luxury and utter recklessness in many high quarters, the wholesale dedication of wealth, the natural and growing discontent, the endangering of our inherited laws and landmarks, and the eager agitators who make it their peculiar and profitable business to divide the country, to stir up strife, and to foster revolution or possibly to promote civil war itself; no one who has seen social evils illustrated in the atrocities of the French Communists and has marked the dangerous sympathy displayed by a certain ill-advised and ignorant section of persons calling themselves Englishmen; no one noticing the portents of our time can say that the eloquent words of Mr. Layard to an undergraduate audience in 1856 are not much more specially applicable in 1877.

In 1854 Mr. Layard visited Sebastopol, and was one of the chief instruments in obtaining a committee of inquiry into the deplorable condition of the British soldiers before Sebastopol in 1855. From 1861 to 1866 he was again Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Commissioner of Public Works and Buildings, December, 1868; President of the Board of Works 1868; and Member for Southwark (he was defeated at Aylesbury in 1857 and at York in 1859) from 1860. He declined office under the Palmerston Administration of 1855, and became a member of the Administrative Reform

Association. He devoted himself for some years to the preservation of the frescoes and paintings of the early Italian masters. Of these he made a series of elaborate drawings and tracings, a portion of which have appeared in the publications of the Arundel Society. In October, 1869, he was gazetted to be British Minister at Madrid. He was succeeded in office by Mr. Ayrton as Commissioner of Works, and in his seat by Lieutenant-Colonel Beresford, a Liberal Constitutionalist. In the present year he has been appointed Ambassador to Constantinople as successor to Sir Henry Elliott.

He has consistently acted as an honest and able member of the Liberal party, as that ill-applied word was till recently honourably understood as denoting men favouring especially rational progress, and in nothing has his cardinal virtue of honesty and plainness of speech been more conspicuous in his late dispatches, wherein he has utterly exposed the intrigues and purposes of Holy Russia, and silenced those Russophiles among us who are in any wise amenable to reason. It is indeed a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, especially of "the other," who of all the powers in Europe has the least clean hands. Whatever may be thought of Turkey, the government of Russia is as utter or rather worse a system of despotism, and a weak despotism is preferable—in the interests of humanity—to an aggressive, ambitious, unscrupulous and gigantic one. A Russian advance in whatever quarter is a menace to freedom; so, too, we always thought in England till the theological zeal of the High Church section against "unbelievers" seized hold of the Bulgarian atrocities, which atrocities are regular and systematic in Russia. Let the Poles speak. We, at least, in India do not measure out one justice to Christians and another to Moslems; nor has experience taught us—what even sectional fanaticism may do—that Mahomedans are anti-human.

A terrible responsibility rests upon the men who encouraged Russia in her war of conquest, in her revival of the crusades. At any rate the Turks have shown themselves patriots, valiant men ready to do and dare to the uttermost for their place in the earth, which one finds to be as dear to them as to English Ritualists or the blameless Bulgarians. Religious fanaticism of whatever kind is bad; there is no vile deed which has not been perpetrated under its sanction; equally by Turks on Christians, by nominal Christians on Mahomedans, by Christians on Jews, by the Puritans of New England against the Quakers. As for practical toleration the Turks, who we believe are not beyond reforming their government, and who, under a man like Midhat Pasha, might really mend matters if fairly allowed, most certainly teach a lesson to others whom it may concern. The Dutch Armenians made Holland the home of mental freedom; our own John Locke nobly taught it; and the French Revolutionists, with all their faults, really did, perhaps by accident, some service here.

We will conclude our sketch of Mr. Layard with a passage on toleration and on the charge of Turkish fanaticism, taken from his speech delivered in the House of Commons on May 23, 1863:—"I will venture to tell my honourable friend," he says, "that what he has denounced as religious fanaticism is not so much religious fanaticism as that instinct of self-preservation which must exist in every race. The Mussulmans, as I have said, are led to believe that their time is come, that the day of their destruction is at hand, that the Christian powers are going to deliver them over, their property and their lives, to their implacable enemies. Is it surprising that they should look upon Christians with suspicion, that they should show some signs of irritation and anger? The Turkish Government has never been a really intolerant government. At Constantinople and in other cities of the Turkish Empire you may see the mosque, the church and the synagogue standing side by side—a prospect not visible in many capitals of Europe. You may see wending through the streets the processions of the Roman Catholic priesthood, with their flaunting banners of many colours and their gaily-dressed images of the Virgin and the saints; or you may pass the solemn burial procession of the Greeks, with the corpse exposed and adorned with flowers and gaudy finery. You will observe the Turkish population looking on with decent respect, and even sometimes with a certain degree of reverence. Where I ask, in Europe, even in the most civilised and liberal countries, could such sights be witnessed?" And he goes on to express his desire "that equal justice should be done to all races, creeds, and sects." These words may be profitably pondered, we take it, at the present moment, and with them we conclude our notice of this eminent discoverer and honest public servant.

T. H. G.

## HUMAN HAIR.

THE French Trade returns make a very curious revelation of English heads and habits. It is asserted that from 12,000 to 15,000 chignons of false hair are annually imported into this country from France alone, and at the same time enough unmade hair to furnish 10,000 more. The total value of the hair exported from France is set down at £28,000, of which by far the largest portion is paid by the ladies of this country. The hair trade in France has, in consequence of the steady demand, become a very important one.

A few years ago the travelling agents of the Paris hairdressers were able to obtain from the peasant girls of Brittany and Auvergne a sufficient supply of tresses of all shades, and there was some amusement to be obtained from watching the effect of the arrival of these travellers in a remote village. When it was known that the representatives of two or three rival houses were in the neighbourhood—the girls would betake themselves to some open spot—even the market-place served their purpose—and taking their places on a high settle would unfatten their hair and allow it to become the object of a regular auction and the property of the highest bidder.

The principal seat of the hair trade now is Marseilles, but the methods to which the dealers have to resort to obtain their necessary supplies are the reverse of pleasant to enumerate. The least revolting is that by which numbers of young children are employed to pick up in the streets or elsewhere the "combs" which are thrown away each morning from every lady's dressing-table. The ragpicker and such like make often a rich harvest in this way, and it is computed that 80,000 lbs. of hair is thus obtained annually and re-made into long tresses or elegant chignons for dainty ladies to wear.

## THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

WHEN it is considered that the Emperor William is an octogenarian it is perfectly surprising what an amount of activity his Majesty still displays. We have before us (says "Galignani") a programme of the work he has to get through during October which would task the energies of many a younger general. After holding a review of the Guards near Berlin on September 1, the Emperor will start for the manoeuvres successively of the 7th, 8th, and 14th Army Corps. On September 3rd he will review the 7th Corps near Düsseldorf, to be followed the next day by a corps manoeuvre, and on the 6th, 7th, and 8th by field manoeuvres of the 13th opposed to the 15th division.

The same amount of labour will devolve upon him in reviewing the 8th Corps near Euskirchen, also succeeded by a corps manoeuvre and field manoeuvres by the 15th and 16th Divisions during the days between September 10 and 15. His Majesty will then start for Carlsruhe, whence he will leave for Neu-Malsch, for the purpose of reviewing on September 17 the 14th (Baden) Corps and witnessing the corps manoeuvres of the 18th and the field manoeuvres of the 25th and 29th Divisions from September 20 to 22. To this it must be added that the intervals between the favourite occupation of the aged Emperor will be interspersed with festivities in his honour at Essen, where he will be the guest of Herb Krupp, Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Coblenz—enough to tire, out the most energetic of crowned heads.

But as if this were not enough, his Majesty will finally witness the divisional drills of the Hessian Cavalry, which are to take place on the 24th, under the command of Major-General Wichmann. The Emperor will then retire to Caden, to find that rest which he must be in need of.

GENERAL GRANT has met with a cordial reception in Brussels. The King of Belgium received the ex-President, accompanied him on a visit to the principal sights in the city, and entertained him at night to a great Court dinner.

It is computed that 60,000 bicycles are in use in Great Britain and Ireland. The ex-Chancellor's idea of a tax of a sovereign per annum would certainly bring in a good revenue and turn out exceedingly unpopular.

LORD CARINGTON has presented to the town of High Wycombe a full length portrait of the Prince of Wales, attired in the robes and wearing the insignia of the Order of the Garter. It has been painted by Mr. Graves at a cost of £1,000. The painting is 9ft. high, and is surmounted with the Prince of Wales's feathers.

## DIET.

The question when to drink, where to drink, what to drink, and how much to drink, are perhaps of more vital importance in this country at this moment than any of the other questions that are agitating men's minds, including the Eastern Question. The answer of a good many British workmen to these four questions would be something like:

"Drink whenever you have the chance, no matter where, no matter what, as long as it is not water, and no matter how much, as long as it is at someone else's expense."

And it is to the fact that such a set of sentiments in regard to drink prevails among a vast multitude of the community, that the question of drinking fermented liquors owes its urgency. The sensible man would, of course, say:

"Drink when you thirst, wherever you happen to be, taking whatever obtainable liquid experience has shown to be best for you, and just as much as you really require."

But a man of such sentiments is rare indeed among us, except among those who, like Dr. Richardson, are exerting themselves with the view of propagating an improved sanitary code.

There are probably very few among the thoughtful minority who do not fully realise the need for reforms in this important matter of drinking, but even the thoughtful are slow to see that such a question affects them personally, and it is with some satisfaction that we have observed of late a growing tendency, among intelligent persons, to co-operate with the more active sanitary reformers in this respect.

For the philanthropic Miss Hillsall to take the pledge in order to encourage the inhabitants of Barrett's Court to do the like were perhaps an extreme measure, but it would be clearly typical of the only kind of action among the upper classes that will have any real effect upon the lower class. As long as the lower classes, from whose drunkenness, and intemperance of various degrees, spring so much crime, misery, degradation, and poverty, see their betters studiously avoiding the internal application of water, they will never realise the urgency of the reasons against their doing the like themselves, and every large employer of workmen and workwomen will find his hands tenfold stronger in checking intemperance if his own life is rigidly temperate.

There are hundreds of men and women in the upper and middle classes who would be put to much pain and inconvenience by abstaining from the use of stimulating liquors, or even by refraining from taking what others might deem a considerable amount of alcoholic drink; but there are other hundreds who are robust and sound, and who drink a good deal just for the pleasure of it, and probably without doing themselves much harm, certainly without reaping any benefit beyond the immediate pleasure. Now, we believe it is mainly in the hands of this class of men and women that the destinies of drinking in England rest.

We do not think much check will be put upon the abuse of stimulants by closing public-houses an hour or two earlier, prohibiting the sale of liquor at one time or another, or even by taxing these articles of consumption more heavily than at present. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether free-trade in wine, beer, and spirits would not have a beneficial effect, so far as regards the abuse of stimulants. The only way to check that abuse is to convince people that it is an abuse, and precept is of no use unless supported by example.

If a man thinks he wants a lot of beer, he will get it somehow, whatever difficulties may be placed in his way by a paternal Government; and what you want to do is to convince him that he does not want it. But you cannot convince him of that, if you let him think that you do want it, or something of a similar character.

For our own part, we firmly believe that a healthy man or woman would gain considerably in the long run, both in pleasure and in comfort, by relinquishing the use of stimulating liquors, and that this enhanced pleasure and comfort would not be merely mental.

No doubt there is much pleasure and profit to be derived from the sense of having made ever such a small sacrifice of self to considerations of pure duty, and if a person who habitually uses alcohol very sparingly gives it up entirely, against inclination, with a benevolent aim, such person would doubtless gain moral strength by persistence in such a practice; but beyond this, we do not doubt that the individual physique, however little deleterious may have been its potations, would gain strength and health by drinking only at the call of thirst, and then drinking water. As Gascoigne says:

"The thirsty mouth thinks water hath good taste."

and if we always waited till we were thirsty, we should find our plain water as palatable as our beer, or wine, or what not. We do not mean, by waiting till we attained to the state of him who is described so graphically by the old poet Gower, in the quaint words:

"The daie was wondre hotte withall  
And such a thurst was on him fall,  
That he must other die or drinke."

But it would be none the worse for any of us to cultivate a moderate amount of thirst, even in cold weather. At present, the prevailing ideal of the British workman may be very nearly summed up in the last line of the passage quoted from Gower:

"That he must other die or drinke."

There is a good deal of nonsense talked on both sides of this question, but there is, at all events, this much to be said on behalf of the total abstinence theory, that it has never yet been put upon its trial as regards practice; whereas the Bacchic theory has been on its trial for centuries, and has certainly come out very badly.

The beer worshippers are very fond of saying: "Oh! the working man cannot possibly do without his beer—there is so much support in it." We confess that when we hear that, we are tempted to reply, as we once heard a wag reply, "Yes, I have often observed it supporting men home on Saturday nights." And seriously, the "support" theory does not hold, when put to the test of science.

## FACETIÆ.

## DEADLY-LIVELY.

THE Liverpool "Daily Post" is an English newspaper; but it contains, mutatis mutandis, the following advertisement:

PATRICK M'GARRY, DECEASED.—TO PRINTERS.—IF PATRICK M'GARRY, who some short time since left Leicester, and, it is believed, came to Dublin or Liverpool, will communicate to the undersigned, he will hear of something to his advantage.

PAT and TIM, St. Andrew Street, Dublin.

Save for the nationality of the advertisers, as deducible from their address, they might be imagined to be believers in spirit rapping. But the citation of a dead man to communicate with the living is no evidence at all at all that an insane superstition has extended its stultifying influence over the minds of Irishmen.

—Punch.

## RAILWAY PASSENGER DUTY.

To resist all attempts to raise the fares. To prevent overcrowding in carriages. To see that their luggage isn't stolen. To ride in the class of carriage they pay for. And, lastly, not to fee the servants for comfort and civility.

—Funny Folks.

## STRANGE IF TRUE.

A SAD occurrence has taken place in the world of fashion. The colour of the season is deep orange, a hue which is only becoming to brunettes; and, somehow or other, no fair hair is to be seen anywhere. It is supposed that all the blondes have dyed off.

—Judy.

WHAT is it that never was and never will be?—A mouse's nest in a cat's ear.

## THE SIGNAL.

AN up-town letter carrier had considerable trouble in getting his usual summons at the doorway of a fine mansion on his route answered promptly. Sometimes he would be obliged to ring the door-bell many times and wait a number of minutes before anyone would appear to receive the mail. The carrier expostulated with the lady of the house, and said that he could not be kept waiting so long at her door. She replied:

"If I knew just when it was you that rang the bell I would come immediately. I thought it was my husband."

"Well," replied the letter carrier, "I will ring the bell twice when I come, and by that you will know it's me."

The lady mused a moment, and then said, softly, "That won't do, for I have a friend who calls, and we have arranged exactly that very signal."

THE Russians and Turks put a value upon the war correspondent which has not been generally conceded to him heretofore. Whichever army he follows he is obliged to wear a numbered medal, on the reverse of which is a photograph of the wearer, in order to put the question of identity beyond dispute.

Do you ever have malaria here?" said a lady to

an illiterate hotelkeeper. "Yes," said he, "we'll have it every day, for I've got the best French cook."

RATHER A ROUNDABOUT WAY.

CESSY (tauntingly): "Well, I ain't been put in the corner."

BERTIE (with desperation): "I wish they'd built the rooms round, and then there wouldn't be no corners."

## MORE ECONOMY.

INDULGENT HUSBAND (to dear little wife who has bought some curls): "But, my darling, you will never be able to wear them—they are flaming red."

DEAR LITTLE WIFE: "I know I can't wear them, darling; I only bought them because they were so very cheap."

I. D.: "Humph?"

WHY are balloons in the air like vagabonds?—Because they have no visible means of support.

## RESPECT.

A GERMAN lost his wife, and the next week married again, and his new wife asked him to take her out riding.

He felt indignant that she should have no more respect than that for his deceased wife, and said:

"You think I ride out with another woman so soon after the death of mine frau?"

## INGENIOUS.

THE "Burlington Hawkeye" says:

"A girl who has never 'a feller' in the world goes the other girls in her neighbourhood to madness by lighting up the parlour brilliantly, and then setting her father's hat where its shadow will be boldly marked against the curtain."

## SHY.

"MARY, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen," said a lady to her servant.

"Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you to mention it; but he's from the country, you see, ma'am, and I'm afraid he's too shy and awkward, ma'am, for you to like him to come up into the parlour, ma'am," said Mary.

THE detectives on trial at Bow Street are amiable enough inclined towards Russia, but they have a decided antipathy towards Poland.

THERE is a man who is said to be so fond of green peas that he goes down to Algeria every January to meet them, and he follows the growth until he winds up at Aberdeen in the autumn.

## GOT BACK.

"WHAT did you get?" asked a wife of her husband, on his return from a hunting excursion of several days' duration.

"I got back," he sententiously replied.

THE last part of married life is the shine of the honeymoon; the rest too often moonshine.

## AN EYE TO TRADE.

"PAPA, did you see those nice little guns in the shop?" asked a little six-year old boy.

"Yes, Harry, I saw them. But I have so many children to feed and clothe that I cannot afford to buy you one," replied the father, seriously.

Little Harry glanced at the baby in the cradle with no loving expression.

Finally he said:

"Well, papa, I'll tell you what you can do; you can swap Tommy for a gun."

## MYSTERIOUS.

LODGER: "Now, look here, Mrs. Crumbles, I've missed a pound of tea, a pot of jam, and half a bottle of brandy. Now, don't say it was the cat."

Mrs. CRUMBLES: "Me, sir! I should be the last to accuse anybody—leastways unless it were the Colorado Bandle!"

## INVITING.

AN old darkey fishing on a wharf at Galveston was heard talking thus to the fish he saw swimming round his line.

"Give me a bite, honey; de children am a-crying down at my house, an' I tell you it's fish or nothing in that establishment."

## PRECOCIOUS.

THIS conversation took place not long ago between a maid-servant and little Sammy, a baby four years old, who was visiting his grandmother in the country:

"Oh, Sammy, you bad child, you mustn't throw those cherry stones on this nice new carpet; it would make grandma mad."

SAMMY (continuing his fun): "Then musle her."

(Maid goes off into a premonitory spasm.)

## A MAN OF GOOD ADDRESS.

ONE who writes from Belgrave Square. —Fun.



## FOUR BOOKS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

"MACAULAY AS A POET." By the Rev. Robert Montgomery. "Johnson's Life of Boswell." "Ossian's Macpherson," and "Mrs. Pepys' Diary." —Punch.

## CURIOUS.

THE temperature is now just so very variable—now high, now low—that it is quite impossible to tell what the "clothes" of next week will be like. —Funny Folks.

THE Roll Call—At eight o'clock every morning. —Funny Folks.

A DANGEROUS GAME—Playing the dence. —Judy.

## A DISTINCTION, &amp;c.

SOME one said to a parvenu whose brother had remained in poverty: "You are, I believe, the brother of M. Durand?" "No, sir, I am not his brother—he is mine."

## A CRITIQUE.

A REGULAR critic was obliged to leave town, and turned over his work for one night to the sporting man of the staff. This is how the criticism on an important concert appeared the next day:

"Time was called about eight o'clock, and about fifty bugles, fies, and fiddles entered for the contest. The fiddles won the toss, and took the inside, with the chandeliers right in their eyes. The umpire, with a small club, acted also as starter. Just before the start he stood upon a small cheesebox, with a small lunch counter before him, and shook his stick at the entries to keep them down.

"The contestants first started it to 'Landliche Hock-it,' by Goldmark, Op. 23. They got off nearly even, one of the fiddles gently leading. The man with the French horn tried to call them back, but they settled down to work at a slogging gait, with the big roan fiddle bringing up the rear. At the first quarter of the course the little black whistle broke badly, and went into the air, but the fiddles on the left kept well together, and struck up a rattling gait.

"At the half way the man with the straight horn showed signs of fatigue. There was a little bobtailed flute which wrestled sadly with the bugle at the mile, but he was windbroken and whizzed. The big fat bugle kept calling 'whoa' all the time, but he seemed to keep up with the rest till the end of the race. They all came under the string in good order, but the judge on the cheesebox seemed to reserve his opinion. He seemed tired, and the contestants went out to find their bottle holder and get ready for the Beethoven handicap. It was a nice exhibition, but a little tiresome to the contestants. All bets are off."

## TOPIC.

GEOLOGICAL Discussion. Principal: "Was it colder or warmer a hundred years ago than at present?"

Pupil (honestly): "I really don't know, sir."

A NEW YORK vagrant, who had been fined regularly every week for begging, requested the magistrate to fine him by the year at a reduced rate.

## INSECTS.

THE last Kansas traveller tells a story of a citizen of that state, who, while on board a steamer on the Mississippi, was asked by a gentleman "whether the raising of stock in Arkansas was attended with much difficulty or expense?"

"Oh, yes, stranger, they suffer much from insects."

"Insects! Why, what kind of insects, pray?"

"Why, bears, catamounts, wolves, and such like insects."

The stranger stopped farther inquiry.

## STATISTICS.

PRESS STATISTICS.—The following particulars convey an interesting idea of the present position of the newspaper and periodical press of the United Kingdom. There are now issued 1,783 newspapers, thus distributed:—Metropolis, 460; England, 946; Wales, 50; Scotland, 164; Ireland, 142; British Isles, 21. Among these are 87 morning and 42 evening journals, but the majority are published weekly, Friday claiming 363, and Saturday 675 examples. Of 114 monthly newspapers (principally trade organs) 100 appear in London. The publishing prices range from one halfpenny to two shillings per copy, there being 101 at the former and 4 at the latter price. The penny newspapers number 914,

far exceeding all others; the next highest being those at twopenny, 243. There are 92 sixpenny and 20 shilling journals, and 14 are gratuitously distributed. Of political newspapers, 515 are registered as Liberal, 296 Conservative, and 67 Liberal-Conservative, the remainder taking neutral ground. Of the 1,783 newspapers, 46 may be termed religious, representing various denominations; 68 are regularly and 7 occasionally illustrated; 4 have coloured and 2 photographic illustrations. Six newspapers appear in French, 1 in German, 1 in Arabic, 9 in Welsh, 1 partly in Gaelic, and 1 partly in the Lancashire dialect.

## WHAT THE BELLS HAVE TO SAY.

At the dawn of day and before,

The rough bell in the dusky tower

Bids the labourer sleep no more,

When its tongue calls the signal hour.

Oh how it twings, and rings, and clangs,

Shaking the timbers where it hangs.

Scared sleep flies from the sleeper's

eyes,

When it shouts "Arise! arise! arise!"

A voice in the welkin rings aear,

The lads and lasses know it well,

Its tones are sharp, and quick and

clear,

It is the Academy bell.

And to many its brazen shriek

Says "German, and Latin, and Greek,

And grammar and golden rule,"

To all "to school! to school! to school!"

In a band that's moving up and down,

In front of an apron white as snow,

Is a bell that cheers both sage and

clown,

Its notes are sounds that all men

know,

Though it tinkles and rings and rings,

It talks of sweet and savoury things,

In tones that seem almost divine,

"It's time to dine! to dine! to dine!"

There is sweet music in the air,

Good news its melody foretells.

No harsh and grating notes of care

Blend with the chime of wedding

bells.

In happy harmony their tones

Speak of the bliss of honeymoons.

"Oh, happy daughter, happy son!"

"Two hearts are one! are one! are

one!"

There sounds a sad and solemn bell,

The mourners hear with moistened

eyes,

And yet its touching tones may tell

Of a new life beyond the skies,

There may be sweetness in the toll

That summons to the skies a soul?

In tones triumphant let it ring,

To show that death hath lost its sting!

A choral chime one day in seven,

From vale and hill, city and town,

Ascends in harmony to Heaven

Bringing glad benedictions down.

Their varied voice in sweetness blends,

Their cheerful voice with praise ascends,

And each glad heart with rapture swells,

Responsive to the Sabbath bells. G. W. B.

## GEMS.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

A MAN in the finest suit of clothes is often a shabbier fellow than another dressed in rags.

MANY a sweetly fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

THE man who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose.

THERE are a set of men who differ in nothing from broken pitchers, which can hold nothing, but let it run out by babbling.

THERE seems to be little practical difference between the friend who does you no good, and the enemy who does you no harm.

ONE day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next disappointed in him. It will be so to the

end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness, and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

LEMON PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of sugar, the rind of a lemon chopped fine, and the juice. Mix with two eggs, and boil two hours in a buttered mould. Serve with or without wine sauce.

A SWEET DISH OF MACARONI.—Quarter of a pound of macaroni, one pint and a half of milk, the rind of half a lemon, three ounces of lump-sugar, three-quarters of a pint of custard. Put the milk into a sauce-pan, with the lemon-peel and sugar; bring it to the boiling point. Drop in the macaroni, and let it gradually swell over a gentle fire, but do not allow the pipes to break; the form should be entirely preserved, and though tender should be firm and not soft, with no part beginning to melt. Should the milk dry away before the macaroni is swelled, add a little more. Place the macaroni on a dish, pour the custard over the hot macaroni, grate over it a little nutmeg, and when cold garnish the dish with slices of candied citron-peel.

COLD MEAT.—Cold meat, made into an aspic, is a delicious way of using the last of a joint, especially in summer-time. Cut the meat in pieces, and lay them in a mould, in layers, well seasoned. Then pour over and fill the mould with some clear soup, nearly cold, which, when let to stand some hours, will turn out and be as firm as isinglass, especially if shank-bones were boiled in the soup. Should the cold meat be veal or poultry, the addition of small pieces of ham or bacon, and of hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices, and put between the layers of meat, is a great improvement.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM having returned from his continental trip, has resumed his original rôle of Charles Greythorne in "Pink Dominoes," at the Criterion Theatre. By-the-bye, this severely criticised piece seems likely to survive the censure somewhat spitefully bestowed on it by some of our carping stage-moralists.

CULTIVATE frogs, toads. Put them in your gardens, and as the evening approaches they will hop from their hiding-places and smuggle down in some convenient spot near the gutter, or where they know their food will come in plenty. The ants, roaches, mosquitoes, etc., they consume in a night in a marvellous, and thus they keep down the insect pests.

Two French astronomers, M. Andre and M. Angot, will visit California next year to observe the transit of Mercury, which occurs on May 6.

DR. ERASMUS WILSON has been investigating the number of hairs in a square inch of the human head, and estimates that it contains on an average about 1,066. Taking the superficial area of the head at 120 square inches, this gives about 127,920 hairs for the entire head.

STRANGE WEB OF SILK.—In the village of Bondjah, near Smyrna, a strange web has just been woven by silkworms. It is in the shape of a cross, five feet in length, very regular in form, and edged with a thick selvage which looks like atlas. Hundreds of people from Smyrna and the suburban villages have flocked to see it, and to worship it, for they regard it as an omen of the approaching success of the Russian arms in Turkey.

CAPE DIAMOND.—Some of the largest Cape diamonds yet brought together have recently been formed into an entire suite of jewels by Mr. Frank Flower, of Piccadilly, the weight of the whole being 500 carats. Although possessing the yellow tinge of colour, their brilliancy at night is wonderful, and this is the largest suite of single stones yet formed.

It is stated that the Russians have been experimenting at Odessa with a new engine throwing some dreadful liquid on to the deck of hostile ships to remove the crew before the torpedo attack is made. An iron boat for the discharge of Whitehead torpedoes is being built at Mr. Baird's wharf in the Neva, 115ft. long, 16ft. broad. The boat will be 7ft. at bow, and 10ft. at the stern. The engines will be powerful enough for the boat to attain a velocity of 17 miles an hour. The name of the boat, which costs 100,000 roubles, will be Very—Anzlicé. Explosion.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**POPE JOHN.**—It betrays great want of common sense and discretion to take a blushing wife into an old timber yard where she is known to be about the age of your own daughter.

**"FIGARO AT HASTINGS-ST. LEONARDS."** By Cuthbert Bede (Abel Heywood & Son, Manchester and London). Price Sixpence.—This amusing series of six letters reprinted from our contemporary deserves a place amongst the literature intended to while away the tedious that sometimes assails remote sojourners. To those familiar with Hastings-St. Leonards this little book will bring pleasant remembrances, and will probably induce others to make the acquaintance of this charming watering-place.

**A SUBSCRIBER.**—Under the circumstances the mistress is not bound to pay her servant's travelling expenses, but to contribute something towards them would be a graceful act.

**RUTH M.**—Chlorodyne is simply a mixture of certain well-known materials, consisting principally of chloroform, chloric ether, morphia, hydrocyanic acid, and some essential oil. It is a very popular anodyne, and no doubt beneficial in many cases when taken with care and not too frequently.

**ZETA.**—The French cordial, "absinthe," is made from young tops of wormwood (*Artemisia vulgaris* and *minuta*), and is decidedly a dangerous stomachic. Have nothing to do with it. Your simplest way to prepare the liqueur specified for private use is to keep some spirit, 60 to 64 degrees under proof, ready sweetened, and add to them by drops the requisite flavor when you require to use the liqueur. From 3 to 3 lbs. of white sugar to the gallon may be used, according to taste, and the following liqueur may be made by dissolving 1 oz. of the selected essential oil in 1 pint of the strongest rectified spirits of wine, which must be kept in a well-corked bottle. Drop cautiously into the sweetened spirit, which should be frequently shaken meanwhile. The sugared spirit may be coloured as desired.

**ERIN.**—The manufacture of frize in Ireland is of very respectable antiquity. Stanburth, writing in the reign of Elizabeth, says, as they distill the best aqua vite so they spin the choicest rye at Waterford, and tells a merry story of a friend of his who, being in London, went to the Paris Garden, where the bear-baiting mastiffs, spying his rough exterior, would have baited him instantly had they not been chained.

**A. B.**—We have already more matter than we can make use of sent to us gratuitously. A serial story would be paid for, if accepted, according to merit, but we would call your attention to the fact that we cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

**SUMA.**—1. You are not called upon simply to return the look of a person whom you see at church, but it would be proper to acknowledge a bow or other greeting. Such courtesies are frequent amongst persons who assemble together in the same sacred building for common worship. 2. Should you meet the gentleman in question it would not only be natural but right to make some such remark as "You haven't been to see us lately," or anything similar that your tact might suggest, leaving him the onus of explanation.

**LADY ALICE.**—1. Shake it well or beat it with a stick. 2. They would not actually be out of place in such a position, although more suitable for the dining-room.

**LILLIAN C. & GRACE H.**—1. Colour of hair—both brown. 2. No change is made. 3. The hair is at present worn in a coil or plait at the back of the head, and flat at the top. The Princess style seems to prevail just now, but what the next will be we do not yet know; most likely there will be but slight alteration, if any. 4. The penmanship of the letter is not very good, but the spelling might be improved—"opinion" should only have one "p" for instance—and the grammatical structure is defective.

**DUSKHOVA.**—Auburn. Pale colours would suit you—blue would probably look well.

**MAY E.**—Medium brown. You might wear a bright colour—say red—with effect. Avoid the vulgar, however, of being startling.

**G. A. W.**—Your advertisement is unsuitable, we cannot, therefore, insert it. You should apply through a theatrical channel, say the "Era."

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is proposed to issue at frequent intervals in the

## "LONDON READER"

Biographies of Eminent Living Men—Politicians, Generals, Poets, Artists, &c.—each being accompanied by a Lifelike Portrait.

THE PRESENT NUMBER CONTAINS

**A. H. LAYARD, AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.**

This feature will constitute both a highly interesting attraction and also a most useful

## WORK OF REFERENCE—A ROLL OF CONTEMPORARY GREATNESS.

**JEMIE.**—Good plain food and as much open-air exercise as possible will satisfactorily answer both your questions. Partake sparingly of potatoes, sugar, beer, and such like things.

**M. L.**—1. We cannot furnish you here with a "Complete Letter Writer," and if we could you would not probably derive much benefit from it. Use your own judgment. Write what you have to say in a straightforward, manly fashion, and you will then stand a good chance—a better one than by copying from some stilted form. You need not enter into particulars respecting salary, &c., by way of inducement, but the lady has the right to be assured that the man who woos her will be in all probability able to support her and a possible family. 2. It is evident that the lady does not and never did care for you in the way you wish. Try in another quarter—root out vigorously the folly of entertaining an affectionate regard for one who evidently either wishes to discontinue correspondence with you, or at any rate carries it lingeringly on with the unworthy desire to have an extra string to her bow.

"If she be not fair to me  
What care I how fair she be?"

should be the burden of your song.

**MAUD & LIZIE.**—Nothing to pay.  
**FRANCIS S.**—Contribution received and under consideration.

## THE COMMON WAY.

How many frown at a common lot  
And turn from the common way,  
Where rare exotics will blossom not  
Nor birds at their bidding stay.  
The dust of travel offends their sight  
When riches have taken wings,  
And they marvel at those who find delight  
In every-day, common things.

To some is given the rich estate  
Encumbered with anxious care;  
While others still for their fortune wait  
In castles they've built in air.  
To one the splendour of princely halls,  
The title to noble lands;  
To another only the crumbling walls,  
And empty and toil-worn hands.

To one the crown and a life of ease;  
To one the cross and the pain;  
To one the heights and the stately trees,  
To another the desert plain.  
To one will Fortune reveal the spring  
That her wonderful store unlocks;  
While another is given the only thing  
That was left in Pandora's box.

Good luck may lie in an empty purse,  
A blessing in this disguise,  
And wealth too often is but a curse  
To those who have won the prize.  
For many with Dives have gone astray,  
Remorse and regret to meet,  
While others have found that the common way  
Led up the Golden Street. J. P.

**CLARICE W. and ELLEN C.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Clarice is twenty-three, fair, blue eyes, medium height. Ellen is twenty-two, tall, fair, dark hair and eyes.

**HAMLET**, eighteen, medium height, of a loving disposition, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady. Respondent must be eighteen, medium height, good-looking, of a loving disposition, fond of home and music.

**FAO**, twenty-five, tall, dark, good-looking, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a fair young lady with a view to matrimony.

**JENNIE**, twenty-two, tall, dark, wishes to correspond with a young man fond of home, with a view to matrimony.

**MAGGIE**, eighteen, dark, medium height, would like to correspond with a tall, fair young man between twenty and thirty.

**MAUD and ETHEL**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Maud is twenty, tall, fair. Ethel is tall, brown hair, hazel eyes. Must be dark, fond of home.

**LILY C.**, twenty-three, fair, light hair, blue eyes, medium height, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman.

**LIVELY ADA**, eighteen, dark hair and eyes, fond of music and dancing, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a gentleman about thirty.

**ALICE and ETHEL**, two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with two young men. Alice is seventeen, tall, dark hair, grey eyes, good-looking. Ethel is nineteen, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes, considered good-looking. Respondents must be tall, dark, good-looking.

**G. E.**, twenty-one, fair, fond of home and music, would like to correspond with a young lady, fair, of a loving disposition.

**SARAH and LOUISA**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Sarah is twenty-four, dark hair, brown eyes. Louisa is twenty, dark hair, blue eyes, tall, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be loving, and fond of home.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

**HARRY** is responded to by—Pauline, eighteen, dark brown hair, grey eyes.

**SHYLOCK** by—Fortia is of medium height, fair, brown hair and eyes.

**ROMEO** by—Juliet, tall, dark hair and eyes, fond of home.

**MIRA** by—C. S.

**A TRUE FELLOW** by—R. F., medium height, light brown hair, blue eyes.

**BESSY** by—Union Jack, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes.

**OCEAN WAVE** by—L. S.

**AGNES E.** by—F. S. H., nineteen, fair, brown hair and eyes, good-looking.

**MAUD W.** by—Cupid, eighteen.

**PRIDE OF THE OCEAN** by—N. V., twenty, tall, good-looking.

**OCEAN WAVE** by—L. S., twenty, tall, fair, good-looking.

**TOM C.** by—Nelly, twenty-six, dark hair and eyes, medium height.

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